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A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

A Collection of Verse and Prose



Compiled by
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PUBLISHED IN PHILADELPHIA BY
GEORGE W. JACOBS AND COMPANY

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Published August, 1910

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2



A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

TO YOU WHO KNOW

O friend! O best of friends! Thy absence more
Than the impending night darkens the landscape
o'er!

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

True friends appear less moved than coun-
terfeit.

—ROSCOMMON

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

INTRODUCTION

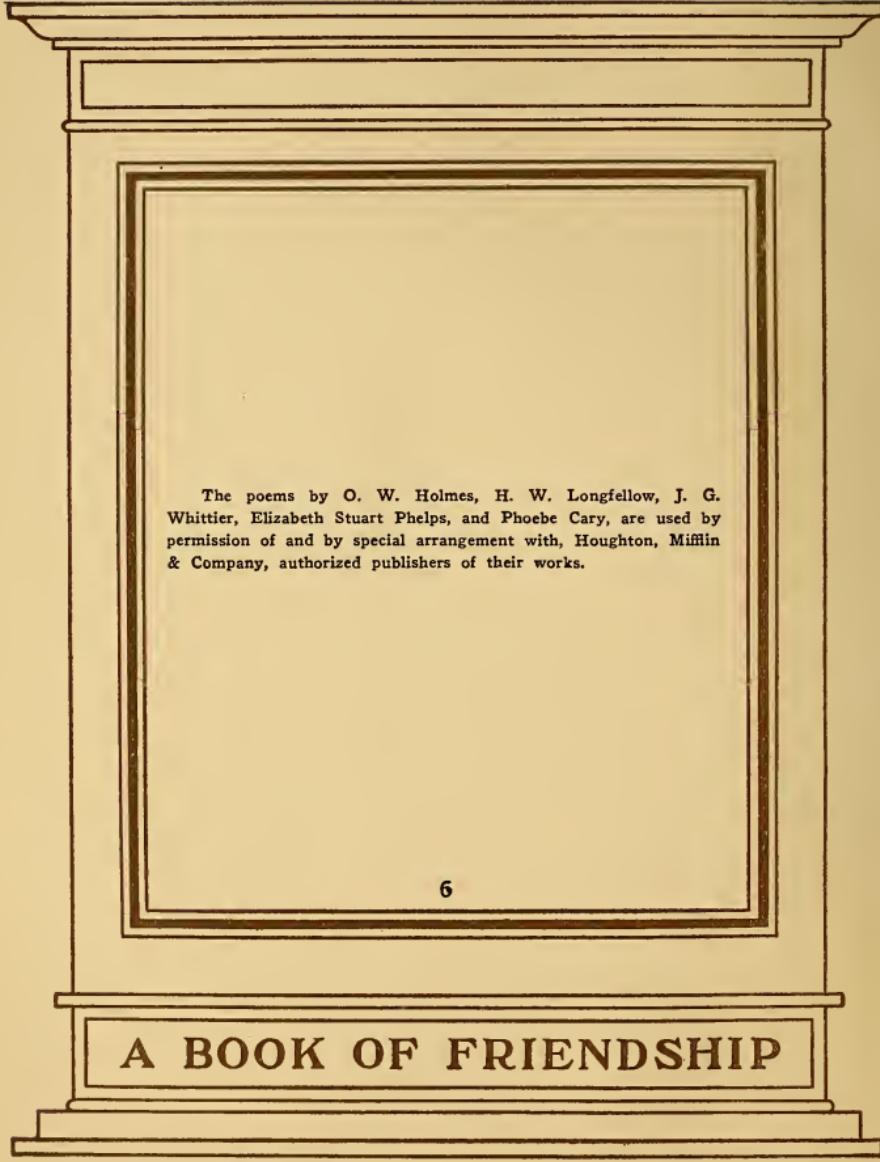
Reach your hand to me, my friend,
With its heartiest caress—
Sometime there will come an end
To its present faithfulness—
Sometime I may ask in vain
For the touch of it again,
When between us land or sea
Holds it ever back from me.

O the present is too sweet
To go on forever thus!
Round the corner of the street
Who can say what waits for us?—
Meeting—greeting, night and day,
Faring each the self-same way—
Still, somewhere, the path must end,—
Reach your hand to me, my friend!

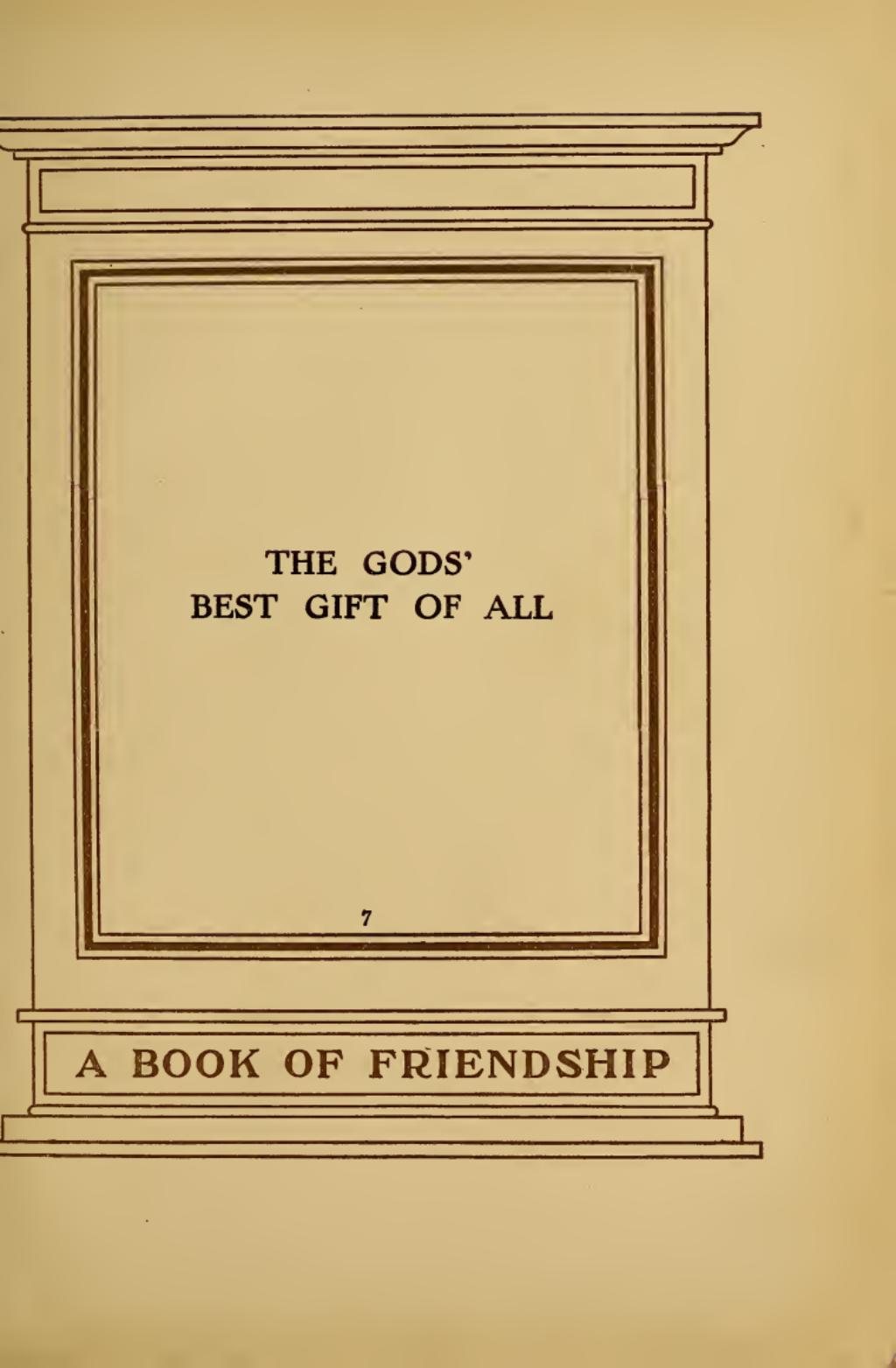
—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

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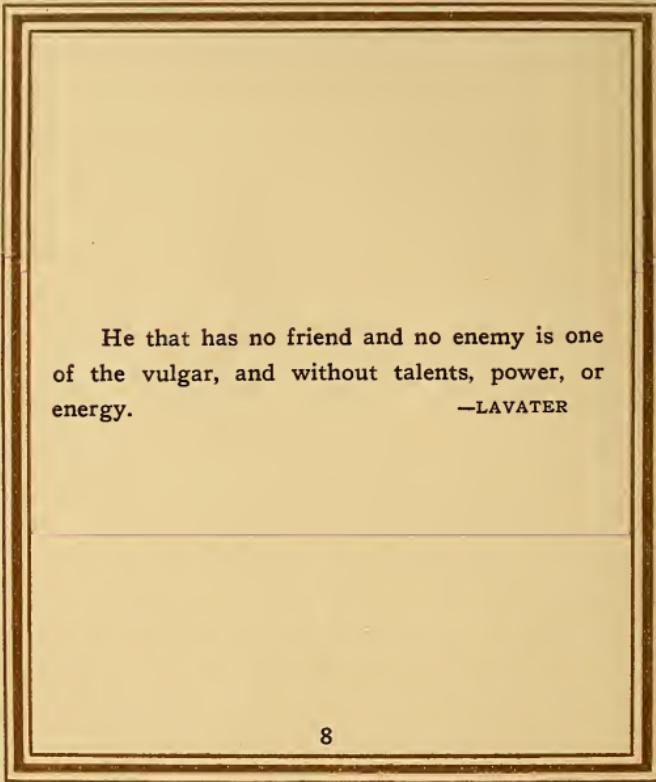
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THE GODS'
BEST GIFT OF ALL

7

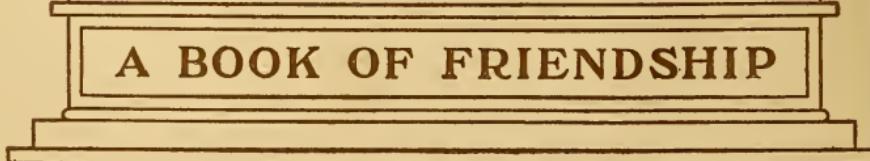
A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP



He that has no friend and no enemy is one
of the vulgar, and without talents, power, or
energy.

—LAVATER

8



A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

FRIENDSHIP

Oh, who will walk a mile with me,
Along life's merry way?
A comrade blithe and full of glee,
Who dares to laugh out loud and free,
And let his frolic fancy play,
Like a happy child, through the flowers gay
That fill the field and fringe the way,
Where he walks a mile with me.

And who will walk a mile with me,
Along life's weary way?
A friend whose heart has eyes to see
The stars shine out o'er the darkening lea,
And the quiet rest at the end of the day—
A friend who knows, and dares to say,
The brave, sweet words that cheer the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

With such a comrade, such a friend,
I fain would walk till journeys end,
Through summer sunshines, winter rain,
And then? Farewell, we shall meet again!

—HENRY VAN DYKE

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There is no folly equal to that of throwing
away friendship in a world where friendship is
so rare.

—EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON

I have felt this blessing of being able to re-
spond to new friendship very strongly lately, for
I have lost many old and valued connections
during this trying spring. I thank God far more
earnestly for such blessings than for my daily
bread, for friendship is the bread of the heart.

—MARY RUSSELL MITFORD

IO

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

THE YEARS ARE ANGELS

The years are angels that bring down from
Heaven

Gifts of the gods. What has the angel given
Who last night vanished up the heavenly wall?
He gave a friend—the gods' best gift of all.

—RICHARD WATSON GILDER

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True happiness

Consists not in the multitude of friends,
But in their worth and choice.

—BEN JONSON

Thou mayest be sure that he who will in
private tell thee of thy faults is thy friend, for
he adventures thy dislike and doth hazard thy
hatred.

—SIR WALTER RALEIGH

II

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

THE WISH

Think of me as your friend, I pray,
And call me by a tender name:
I will not care what others say,
If only you remain the same!
I will not care how dark the night,
I will not care how wild the storm:
Your love will fill my heart with light,
And shield me close, and keep me warm.

Think of me as your friend, I pray,
For else my life is little worth:
So shall your memory light my way,
Although we meet no more on earth:
For while I know your faith secure,
I ask no happier fate to see:
Thus to be loved by one so pure
Is honour rich enough for me.

—WILLIAM WINTER

12

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

AS FOR ME, I HAVE A FRIEND

Let the sower scatter seed
Where the crumbling furrows blend;
Let the churchman praise his creed
The beginning and the end;
As for me, I have a friend.

Does the sun forget to shine
And the wind blow sere and chill?
Does the cluster leave the vine,
And the ice begird the rill?
I shall rest contented still.

Must the rose be stripped of leaf
When the waning June has passed?
Shall an autumn voice its grief
In the lorn November blast?
What of that, a friend will last.

Why should I, then, make complaint
To the days that round me roll?

She my missal is, and saint,
Clad in womanhood's white stole,
She, the keeper of my soul.

Not love's chalice to my lips,
Not that bitter draught she brings,
Which as Hybla's honey drips
And like bosomed asp-worm stings,
No! she tells of happier things.

Simple friendship, just that much
To enfold me as a strand
Of her hair might; and the touch
Of a gracious, welcoming hand
That I grasp, and understand.

Let death ope or lock his gate
Let the lilies break or bend,
And the iron will of fate,
Sorrows now or fortune send,
As for me, I have a friend.

—ERNEST McGAFFEY

In love women exceed the generality of men,
but in friendship we have the advantage.

—JEAN DE LA BRUYERE

If trust is the first requisite for making a friend, faithfulness is the first requisite for keeping him.

There can never be true friendship without self-respect, and unless soul meets soul free from self-seeking.

—HUGH BLACK

THE GIRDLE OF FRIENDSHIP

She gathered at her slender waist
The beauteous robe she wore;
Its folds a golden belt embraced,
One rose-hued gem it bore.

The girdle shrank; its lessening round
Still kept the shining gem,
But now her flowing locks it bound,
A lustrous diadem.

And narrower still the circlet grew;
Behold! a glittering band,
Its roseate diamond set anew,
Her neck's white column spanned.

Suns rise and set; the straining clasp
The shortened links resist,
Yet flashes in a bracelet's grasp
The diamond, on her wrist.

At length, the round of changes past,
The thieving years could bring,
The jewel, glittering to the last,
Still sparkles in a ring.

So, link by link, our friendships part,
So loosen, break and fall,
A narrowing zone; the loving heart
Lives changeless through them all.

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

My friends are my estate. Forgive me then
the avarice to hoard them! They tell me those
who were poor early have different views of
gold. I don't know how that is. God is not so
wary as we, else He would give us no friends,
lest we forget Him! The charms of the heaven
in the bush are superseded, I fear, by the heaven
in the hand occasionally.

—EMILY DICKINSON

FRIENDS

We rode a day, from east, from west,
To meet. A year had done its best,
By absence, and by loss of speech,
To put beyond the other's reach
Each heart and life; but, drawing nigh,
"Ah! it is you!" "Yes, it is I!"
We said; and love had been blasphemed
And slain in each had either deemed
Need of more words, or joy more plain
When eyes had looked in eyes again:
Ah friendship, stronger in thy might
Than time and space, as faith than sight!
Rich festival with thy red wine
My friend and I will keep in courts divine!

—HELEN HUNT JACKSON

If you would have friends, be one.

—ELBERT HUBBARD

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship's an abstract of this noble flame,

'Tis love refined, and purged from all its dross,
The next to angels' love, if not the same,

As strong as passion is, though not so gross:
It antedates a glad eternity,
And is a heaven in epitome.

Nobler than kindred, or than marriage-band,

Because more free; wedlock-felicity
Itself doth only by this union stand,
And turns to friendship, or to misery.
Force or design matches to pass may bring,
But friendship doth from love and honor spring.

Thick waters show no images of things;
Friends are each other's mirrors, and should be
Clearer than crystal or the mountain springs,
And free from clouds, design, or flattery,

For vulgar souls no part of friendship share:
Poets and friends are born to what they are.

Absence doth not from friendship's right excuse
Them who preserve each other's heart and
fame,

Parting can ne'er divide, it may diffuse;
As a far, stretched-out river's still the same.

Though presence helped them at the first to
greet,

Their souls now know without those aids to
meet.

Constant and solid, whom no storms can shake,
Nor death unfix, a right friend ought to be;
And if condemned to survive, doth make
No second choice, but grief and memory.

But friendship's best fate is, when it can spend
A life, a fortune, all to serve a friend.

—KATHERINE PHILIPS

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep,
And long, where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth.

And I, who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine.

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow,
But I've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free,
The grief is fixed too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.

—FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

With regard to the choice of friends, there is little to say; for a friend is never chosen. A secret sympathy, the attraction of a thousand nameless qualities, a charm in the expression of the countenance, even in the voice or manner, a similarity of circumstances,—these are the things that begin attachment.

—MRS. BARBAULD

FRIENDSHIP

The human soul that crieth at thy gates,
Of man or woman, alien or akin,
'Tis thine own Self that for admission waits—
Rise, let it in.

Bid not thy guest but sojourn and depart,
Keep him, if so it may be, till the end,
If thou have strength and purity of heart
To be his friend.

Not only, at bright morn, to wake his mind
With noble thoughts, and send him forth with
song,
Nor only, when night falls, his wounds to bind;
But all day long.

To help with love, with labour, and with lore,
To triumph when, by others' aid, he wins,

To carry all his sorrows, and yet more—
To bear his sins.

To keep a second conscience in thine own,
Which suffers wound on wound, yet strongly
lives,
Which takes no bribe of tender look or tone,
And yet forgives.

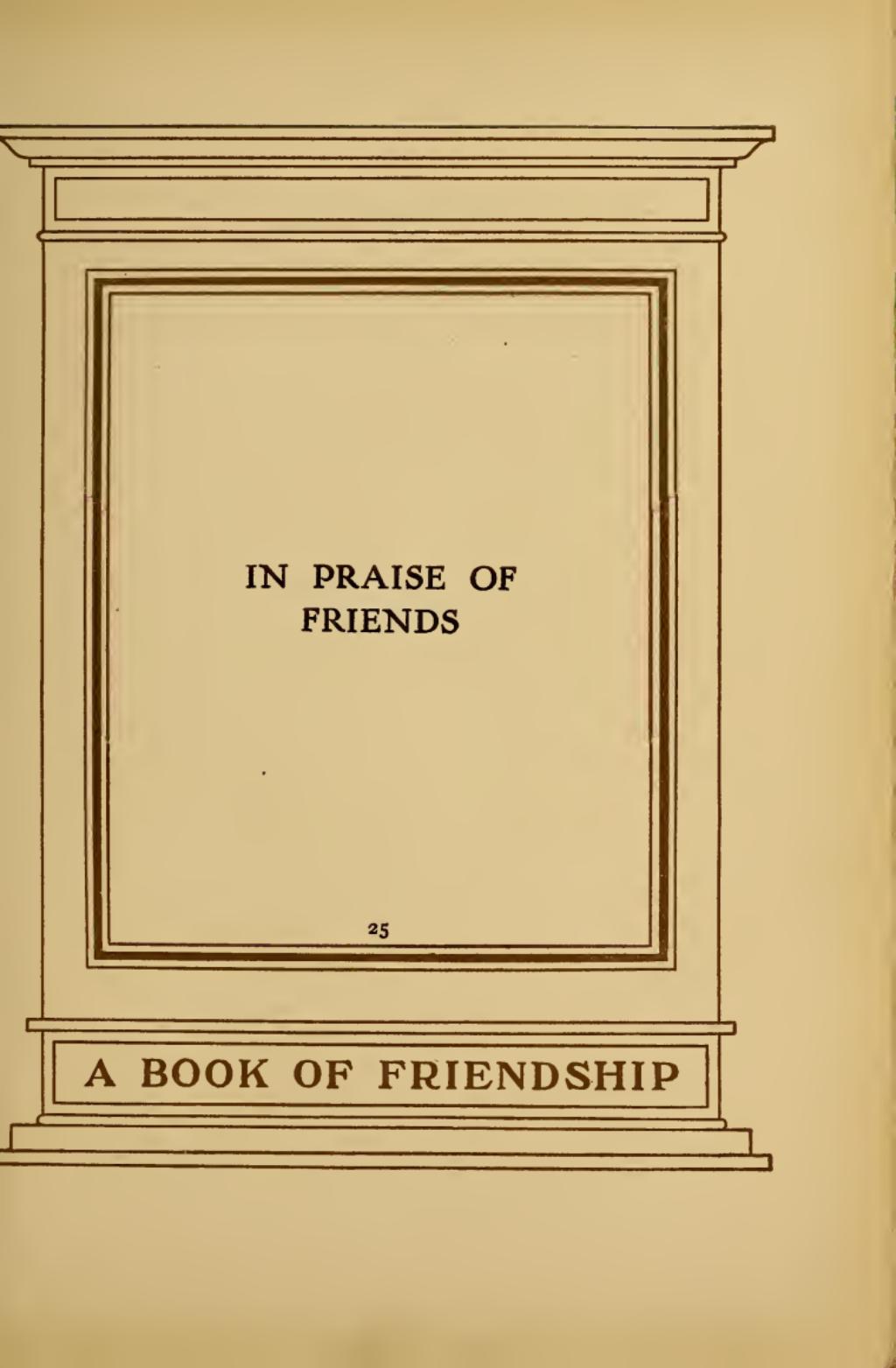
But, should some mortal vileness blast with
death
Thy love for comrade, leader, kinsman, wife—
Seek no elixir to restore false breath,
And loathsome life.

Thy love is slain—thou canst not make it whole
With all thy store of wine, and oil, and bread:
Some passions are but flesh—thine had a soul,
And that is dead.

—CONSTANCE C. W. NADEN

24

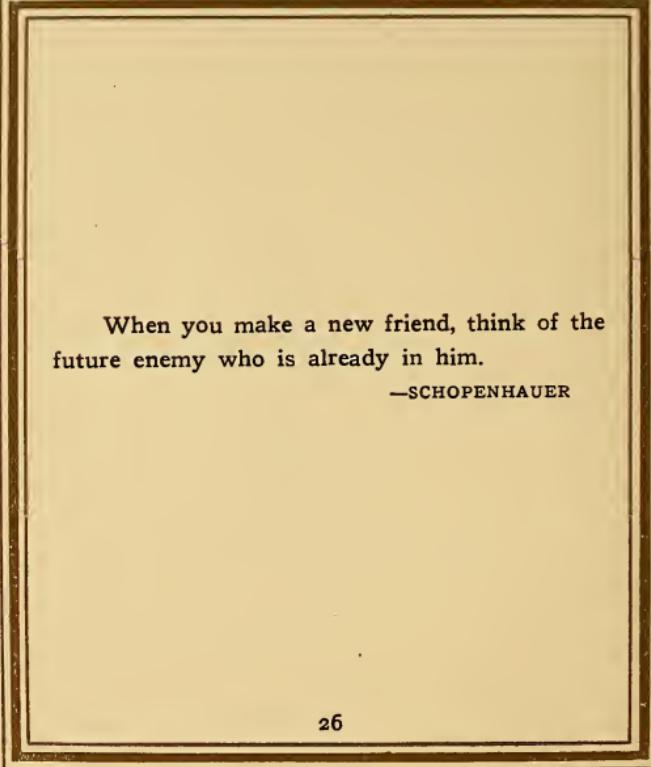
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IN PRAISE OF
FRIENDS

25

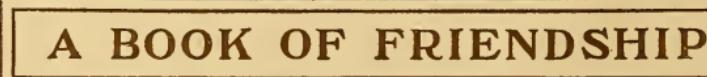
A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP



When you make a new friend, think of the
future enemy who is already in him.

—SCHOPENHAUER

26



A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

QUA CURSUM VENTUS

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail, at dawn of day
Are scarce, long leagues apart, despaired:

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied;
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side.

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those whom, year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered;
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed
Or wist what first with dawn appeared.

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! In light, in darkness, too!
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
To that and your own selves be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas!
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare;
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,
At last, at last, unite them there!

—ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

Friendship needs to be rooted in respect, but
love can live upon itself alone. —OUIDA

FEAST OF ALL SOULS

Oft may the spirits of the dead descend
To watch the silent slumbers of a friend;
To hover round his evening-walk unseen,
And hold sweet converse on the dusky green;
To hail the spot where once their friendship
grew,
And heaven and nature opened to their view!
Oft, when he trims his cheerful hearth, and sees
A smiling circle, emulous to please,
There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,
And bless the scene they loved in life so well!

—SAMUEL ROGERS

When our friends have deceived us, we owe
them but indifference to the tokens of their
friendship; yet for their misfortunes we always
owe them pity.

—FRANCOIS DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

WIDOW BEDOTT TO ELDER SNIFFLES

O Reverend sir, I do declare
It drives me most to frenzy,
To think of you a-lying there
Down sick with influenzy.

A body'd thought it was enough
To mourn your wife's departer,
Without sich trouble as this 'ere
To come a-follerin' arter.

But sickness and affliction
Are sent by a wise creation,
And always ought to be underwent
By patience and resignation.

O, I could to your bedside fly,
And wipe your weeping eyes,
And do my best to cure you up,
If it wouldn't create surprise.

It's a world of trouble we tarry in,
But, Elder, don't despair;
That you may soon be movin' again
Is constantly my prayer.

Both sick and well, you may depend
You'll never be forgot
By your faithful and affectionate friend,
Priscilla Pool Bedott.

—FRANCES MIRIAM WHITCHER

He surely has no future who is without friends to share it with him, and is wasting an existence meant to give him assurance. With this sentiment there comes every felicity into the breasts of those who partake of it. How large the dividend of delight! how diffusive! We are the richer for every outlay.

—A. BRONSON ALCOTT

FRIENDS

How often, when life's summer day
Is waning, and its sun descends,
Wisdom drives laughing wit away,
And lovers shrivel into friends!

—WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

There are few things in which we deceive ourselves more than in the esteem we profess to entertain for our friends. It is little better than quackery. The truth is, we think of them as we please—that is, as they please or displease us. As long as we are in good-humor with them, we see nothing but their good qualities; but no sooner do they offend us than we rip up all their bad ones (which we before made a secret of even to ourselves) with double malice.

—WILLIAM HAZLITT

THE NAME OF FRIEND

It is a name

Virtue can only answer to: could'st thou
Unite into one all goodness whatsoe'er
Mortality can boast of, thou shalt find
The circle narrow-bounded to contain
This swelling treasure; every good admits
Degrees, but this being so good, it cannot;
For he's no friend who is not superlative.
Indulgent parent, brethren, kindred, tied
By the natural flow of blood, alliances,
And what you can imagine, is too light
To weigh with name of friend: they execute
At best but what a nature prompts them to:
Are often less than friends when they remain
Our kinsmen still: but friend is never lost.

—JAMES SHIRLEY

SUNG TO A FRIEND

The tide is rising, rising
Out of the infinite sea;
From ripple, to wave, to billow,
Past beryl and gold and crimson,
A prism of perfect splendor;
What shall the white surf be?

The sacred tide is rising,
Rising for you and me.
Defiant across the breaker,
Wave unto wave must answer,
The sea to the shore will follow;
When shall the great flood be?

The tide must turn falling, falling
Back to the awful sea.
Thus far shalt thou go, no farther.
The color sinks to the shadow,

The pæan sobs into silence,
Where shall the ebb-line be?

By the weeds left blazing, beating
Like heart-throbs of the sea,
By the law of the land and the ocean,
By the Hand that holdeth the torrent,
I summon the tide eternal
To flow for you and me!

—ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

Pity and friendship are passions incompatible with each other; and it is impossible that both can reside in any breast, for the smallest space, without impairing each other. Friendship is made up of esteem and pleasure; pity is composed of sorrow and contempt; the mind may, for some time, fluctuate between them, but it can never entertain both at once.

—OLIVER GOLDSMITH

EARLY FRIENDSHIP

The half-seen memories of childish days,
When pains and pleasures lightly came and
went;
The sympathies of boyhood rashly spent
In fearful wanderings through forbidden ways;
The vague, but manly wish to tread the maze
Of life to noble ends,—whereon intent,
Asking to know for what man here is sent,
The bravest heart must often pause, and gaze;
The firm resolve to seek the chosen end
Of manhood's judgment, cautious and mature,—
Each of these viewless bonds binds friend to
friend
With strength no selfish purpose can secure:
My happy lot is this, that all attend
That friendship which first came, and which shall
last endure.

—AUBREY DE VERE

THE GOOD GREAT MAN

How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
Honor and wealth, with all his worth and
pains!

It seems a story from the world of spirits
When any man obtains that which he merits,
Or any merits that which he obtains.

For shame, my friend! renounce this idle strain!
What wouldst thou have a good great man ob-
tain?

Wealth, title, dignity, a golden chain,
Or heap of corses which his sword hath slain?
Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends.

Hath he not always treasures, always friends,—
The good great man? Three treasures,—love,
and light,
And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath;

And three fast friends, more sure than day or
night,—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

We speak of “choosing” friends, of “making” friends, of “keeping” or of “giving up” friends; and if such terms were wholly true, the old advice were good: In friend-making first consult the gods! Jesus, it is said, prayed all the night before He chose His twelve. But the words are not all true; friendship is at most but half “made,” the other half is born. What we can chiefly “choose” and “make” is, not the friend, but opportunity for contact. When the contact happens, something higher than our will chooses for us.

—WILLIAM C. GANNETT

THE ROYAL GUEST

They tell me I am shrewd with other men;
With thee I'm slow, and difficult of speech.
With others I may guide the car of talk:
Thou wing'st it oft to realms beyond my reach.

If other guests should come, I'd deck my hair,
And choose my newest garment from the shelf;
When thou art bidden, I would clothe my heart
With holiest purpose, as for God himself.

For them I while the hours with tale or song,
Or web of fancy, fringed with careless rhyme;
But how to find a fitting lay for thee,
Who hast the harmonies of every time?

O friend beloved! I sit apart and dumb,—
Sometimes in sorrow, oft in joy divine;
My lip will falter, but my prisoned heart
Springs forth to measure its faint pulse with
thine.

Thou art to me most like a royal guest,
Whose travels bring him to some lowly roof,
Where simple rustics spread their festal fare,
And blushing, own it is not good enough.

Bethink thee, then, whene'er thou com'st to me,
From high emprise and noble toil to rest,
My thoughts are weak and trivial, matched with
thine;
But the poor mansion offers thee its best.

—JULIA WARD HOWE

There must be in friendship something to distinguish it from a companion and a countryman, from a schoolfellow or a gossip, from a sweetheart or a fellow-traveller: friendship may look in at any one of these doors, but it stays not anywhere till it come to be the best thing in the world.

—JEREMY TAYLOR

FRIENDS

I

O Guardian Angel! Patron Saint!
You, who have cared for me:
You, who have borne with all my plaints
So patiently!

I ask but one thing now: I pray,
God grant through you, each friend
Be mine within Eternal Day,
World without end.

II

Poor powerless Sorrow! Helpless Death!
Think they to worst me in the end?
Come when they will, my Faith still saith:
I face them with a single friend.

Were I alone, I could not fight
The imperious Powers: I should but fear,
And tremble in the lonely night,
With never a friend of all friends near.

But in the eyes of every friend,
Voice, or the holding of his hand,
I learn, how love can never end:
Oh, Heart of God! I understand.

III

The haunting hopes, the perfect dreams,
The visionary joys, that fill
Mine heart with sudden gracious gleams:
Through friendship they grow clearer still.

Each friend possesses, each betrays,
Some secret of the eternal things:
Each one has walked celestial ways,
And held celestial communings.

The smiles upon their lips are bright
With beauty from the Face of God:
Their eyes keep something of that Light,
Which knows nor pause, nor period.

IV

O Patron Saints of all my friends!
O Guardian Angels of them all!
With them begins, with them still ends,
My prayer's most passionate call.

You know my voice: you know their names,
That wing so its least selfish tone
Across your white celestial flames,
And up to the White Throne.

Heaven were not Heaven, and they not there;
Heaven were not Heaven, my friends away:
O Saints and Angels! hear the prayer,
I pray you every day.

—LIONEL JOHNSON

FRIENDS

Friends . . . old friends

One sees how it ends.

A woman looks

 Or a man tells lies,
And the pleasant brooks

 And the quiet skies,
Ruined with brawling

 And caterwauling,

 Enchant no more

 As they did before.

 And so it ends with friends.

Friends . . . old friends

And what if it ends?

 Shall we dare to shirk

 What we live to learn?

 It has done its work,

 It has served its turn;

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

And, forgive and forget
Or hanker and fret,
We can be no more
As we were before.
When it ends, it ends
With friends.

Friends . . . old friends
So it breaks, so it ends.
There let it rest!

It has fought and won,
And is still the best
That either has done.
Each as he stands
The work of its hands,
Which shall be more
As he was before?
What is it ends with friends?

—WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

It is a good and safe rule to sojourn in every place as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness, or speaking a true word, or making a friend.

—JOHN RUSKIN

If we would build on a sure foundation in friendship, we must love our friends for their sakes rather than for our own.

—CHARLOTTE BRONTE

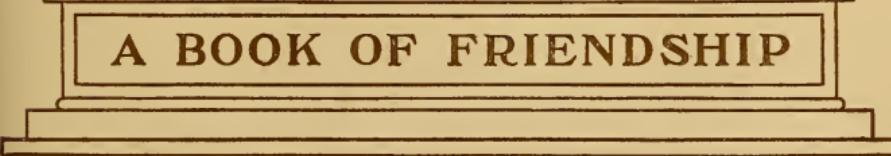
Friendship takes place between those who have an affinity for one another, and is a perfectly natural and inevitable result. No professions nor advances will avail.

—DAVID HENRY THOREAU

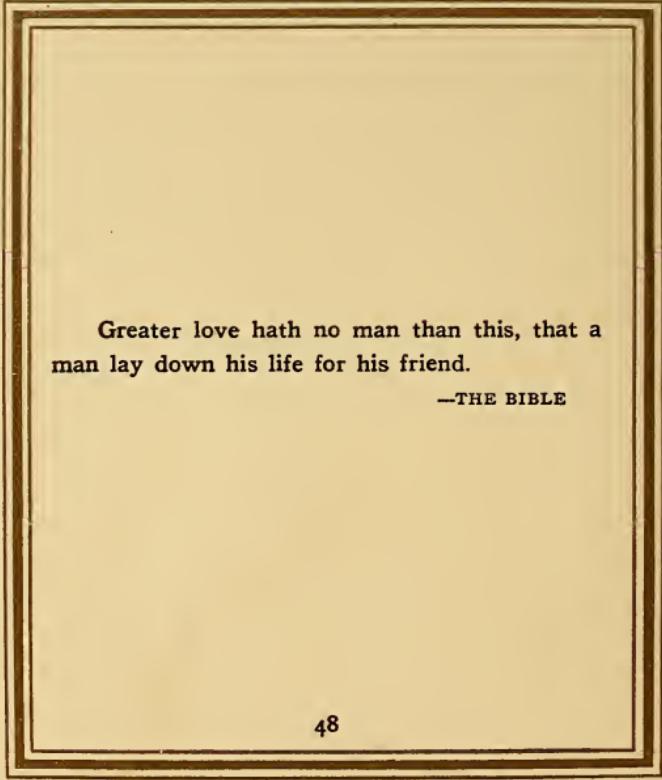


**FRIENDSHIP'S
LARGESS**

47



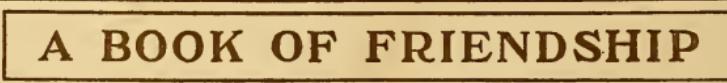
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Greater love hath no man than this, that a
man lay down his life for his friend.

—THE BIBLE

48



A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

A LIFE'S LOVE

I loved him in my dawning years—
Far years, divinely dim;
My blithest smiles, my saddest tears,
Were evermore for him.
My dreaming when the day began,
The latest thought I had,
Was still some little loving plan
To make my darling glad.

They deemed he lacked the conquering wiles,
That other children wear;
To me his face, in frowns or smiles,
Was never aught but fair.
They said that self was all his goal,
He knew no thought beyond;
To me, I know, no living soul
Was half so true and fond.

In love's eclipse, in friendship's dearth,
In grief and feud and bale,
My heart has learnt the sacred worth
Of one that cannot fail;
And come what must, and come what may,
Nor power, nor praise, nor pelf,
Shall lure my faith from thee to stray,
My sweet, my own—Myself.

—ANONYMOUS

There are three friendships which are advantageous, and three which are injurious: Friendship with the upright, friendship with the sincere, and friendship with the man of much observation; these are advantageous. Friendship with the man of specious airs, friendship with the insinuatingly soft, and friendship with the glib-tongued; these are injurious.

—CONFUCIUS

LARGESS

Go forth in life, oh friend, not seeking love;
A mendicant that with imploring eye
And outstretched hand asks of the passer-by
The alms his strong necessities may move.
For such poor love, to pity near allied,
Thy generous spirit should not stoop and wait,
A suppliant, whose prayer may be denied,
Like a spurned beggar's at a palace gate.
But thy heart's affluence lavish uncontrolled;
The largess of thy love give full and free,
As monarchs in their progress scatter gold;
And be thy heart like the exhaustless sea
That must its wealth of cloud and dew bestow
Through tributary streams or ebb or flow.

—ANNE C. L. BOTTA

Friendship is the greatest luxury of life.

—EDWARD EVERETT HALE

GIVE FREELY TO THE FRIEND THOU
HAST

Give freely to the friend thou hast;
Unto thyself thou givest:
On barren soil thou canst not cast,
For by his life thou livest.

Nay, this alone doth trouble me—
That I should still be giving
Through him unto myself, when he
Is love within me living.

I fain would give to him alone,
Nor let him guess the giver;
Like dews that drop on hills unknown,
To feed a lordly river.

—JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

ONE IN A THOUSAND

He may have faults; and bad ones, too;

He may not be our peer;

But old régime or parvenu,

We hold his presence dear:

And when he's dead and passed away,

His virtues will survive—

God bless the friend, who's prompt to lend

His quick and ready "five!"

With thankful words we clasp his hand;

Delighted through and through;

As with a smile serene and bland,

He scorns our I. O. U.

"Oh, no, my boy, your word's enough!"

Our drooping hopes revive—

God bless the friend, who's prompt to lend

His quick and ready "five!"

It's not the sordid paltry coin,
It is the pleasing sense
That here, at least, two spirits join
In tender confidence.
We know he'll "part:" he knows we'll pay,
"As sure as we're alive!"
God bless the friend, who's prompt to lend
His quick and ready "five!"

—HARRY ROMAINE

How were Friendship possible? In mutual devotedness to the Good and True: otherwise impossible, except as Armed Neutrality, or hollow Commercial League. A man, be the Heavens ever praised, is sufficient for himself; yet were ten men, united in Love, capable of being and of doing what ten thousand singly would fail in. Infinite is the help man can yield to man.

—THOMAS CARLYLE

LIKE THE NEW FRIENDS BEST

Don't talk to me of old-time friends,
But jes' give me the new.
The old friends may be good enough,
But somehow they won't do.
I don't care for their old-time ways;
Their questions you'll allow
Are soulless as a parrot's gab:—
"Well, what you up to now?"
That's one thing I've agin 'em,
'Course that with all the rest,
Like hintin' 'bout some old-time debt;
I like my new friends best.

I meet an old friend in the street,
As oftentimes I do,
Mechanically he stops to shake
An' say: "Well, how are you?"
Then drawin' down his face, as if

His cheeks was filled with lead,
He says: "I s'pose you've heard the news?"
"No!" "Eli Stubbs is dead.
An' 'fore he died he ast for you—
Seemed sorry you was gone,
An' said 'at what he'd let you have
He hoped would help you on."
Now that's why I don't like 'em much,
You prob'bly might have guessed.
I ain't got much agin 'em, but
I like the new friends best.

Old friends are most too homelike now,
They know your age, and when
You got expelled from school, and lots
Of other things, an' then
They 'member when you shivered
The town an' broke the lights
Out of the school 'nen run away

An' played "Hunt Cole" out nights.
They 'member when you played around
Your dear old mommy's knee;
It's them can tell the very date
That you got on a spree.
I don't like to forget 'em, yet
If put right to the test
Of hankerin' right now for 'em,
I like the new friends best.

—BEN F. KING

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There is nothing else so attractive in friendship as the service it implies. If man or woman ministers to our substance or conceit, such a one is precious. We cool toward one whose help we no longer need—unless we are politic enough to look forward to contingencies, or weak enough to remember benefits.

—CHARLES GOODRICH WHITING

FRIEND AND LOVER

When Psyche's friend becomes her lover,
How sweetly these conditions blend!
But, oh, what anguish to discover
Her lover has become—her friend!

—MARY AIGNE DE VERE

There is, after all, something in these trifles that friends bestow upon each other, which is an unfailing indication of the place the giver holds in the affections. I would believe that one who preserves a lock of hair, a simple flower, or any trifle of my bestowing, loved me, though no show was made of it; while all the protestations in the world would not win my confidence in one who sets no value on such little things, trifles they may be; but it is by such that character and disposition are oftenest revealed.

—WASHINGTON IRVING

DOLCE FAR NIENTE

My friend, my chum, my trusty crony!

We are designed, it seems to me,
To be two happy lazzaroni,
On sunshine fed, and macaroni,
Far off by some Sicilian sea.

From dawn to eve in the happy land,
No duty on us but to lie—
Straw-hatted on the shining sand,
With bronzing chest and arm and hand—
Beneath the blue Italian sky.

There, with the mountains idly glassing
Their purple splendors in the sea—
To watch the white-winged vessels passing
(Fortunes for busier fools amassing),
This were a heaven to you and me.

Our meerschaums coloring cloudy brown,
Two young girls coloring with a blush,
The blue waves with a silver crown,
The mountain shadows dropping down,
And all the air in perfect hush.

Thus should we lie in the happy land,
Nor fame, nor power, nor fortune miss;
Straw-hatted on the shining sand,
With bronzing chest and arm and hand,—
Two loafers couched in perfect bliss.

—ANONYMOUS

Some of the firmest friendships have been contracted between persons of different dispositions, the mind being often pleased with those perfections which are new to it, and which it does not find among its own accomplishments.

—BUDGELL

COMMEND ME TO THAT GENEROUS
HEART

Commend me to that generous heart
Which, like the pine on high,
Uplifts the same unvarying brow
To every change of sky;
Whose friendship does not fade away
When wintry tempests blow,
But, like the winter's icy crown,
Looks greener through the snow.

—ANONYMOUS

A generous friendship no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows.

—ALEXANDER POPE

Friendships are built on an understanding,
while enmities are simply a lack of understanding.

—ELBERT HUBBARD

THE MEMORY OF THE HEART

If stores of dry and learned lore we gain,
We keep them in the memory of the brain;
Names, things, and facts,—whate'er we knowl-
edge call,—

There is the common ledger for them all;
And images on this cold surface traced
Make slight impression, and are soon effaced.
But we've a page more glowing and more
bright,

On which our friendship and our love to write;
That these may never from the soul depart,
We trust them to the memory of the heart.

There is no dimming, no effacement there;
Each new pulsation keeps the record clear;
Warm, golden letters all the tablet fill,
Nor lose their lustre till the heart stands still.

—DANIEL WEBSTER

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

BEREAVEMENT

I loved him as we only love one friend.
Through life we walked, in all things side by
side.
He shared with all men both their joy and care;
And living so, he died:
Like common mortals, met the common end.
The world has lost a man it ill could spare;
And I have lost a friend.

—JAMES G. BURNETT

Friendship is a word, the very sight of which
in print makes the heart warm.

—AUGUSTINE BIRRELL

Friendship that flows from the heart can-
not be frozen by adversity, as the water that
flows from the spring cannot congeal in winter.

—J. FENIMORE COOPER

A FRIEND NO MORE

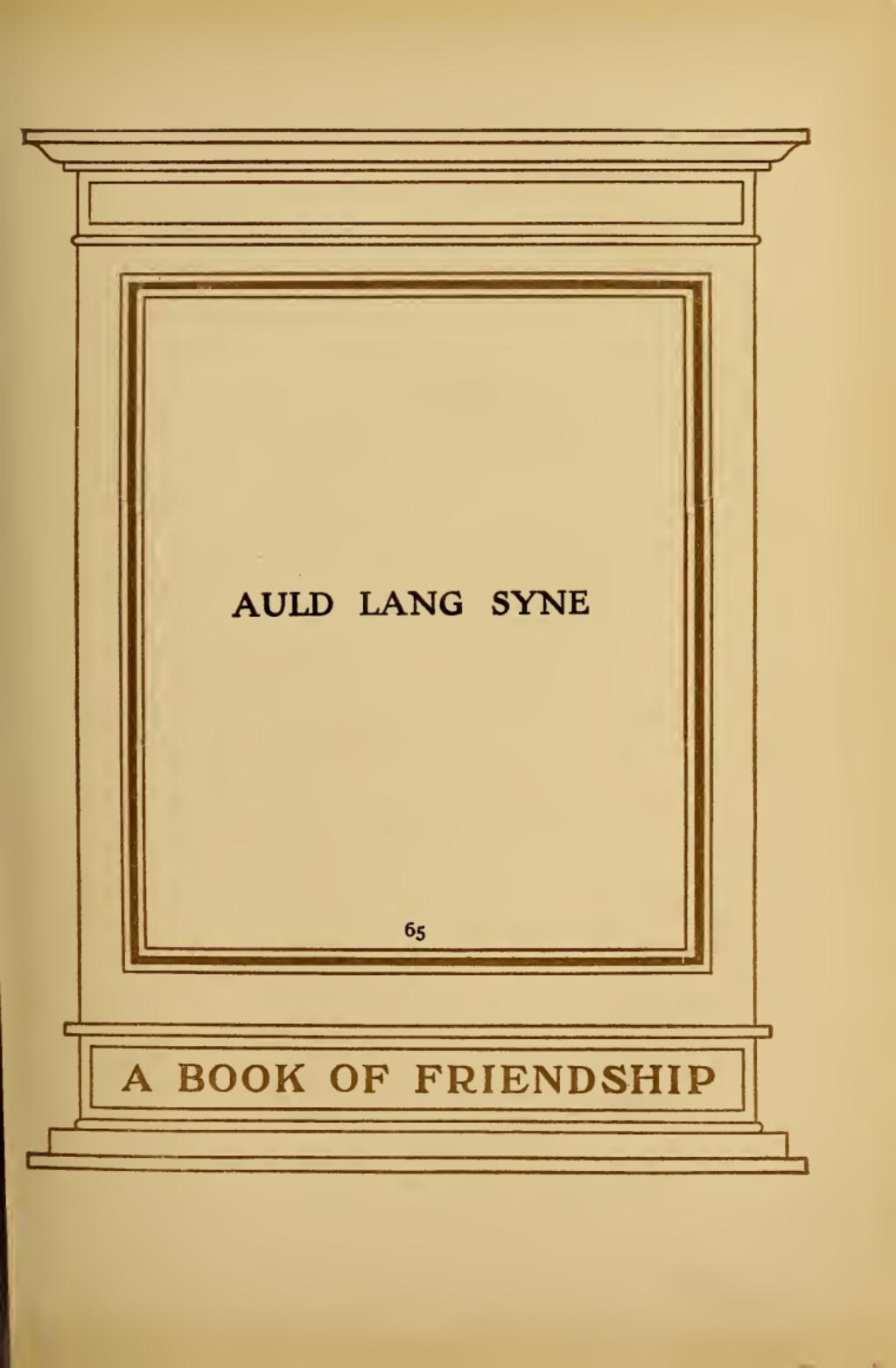
We have been friends until to-night;
For years we have been friends;
Sweet were the days and swift their flight,
But now that friendship ends.

'Tis gone! Let not a tear-drop roll,—
'Tis gone, though born above . . .
No more my friend, but, by my soul
Thou shalt be now my love!

—LLOYD MIFFLIN

There is in friendship something of all relations, and something above them all. It is the golden thread that ties the hearts of all the world.

—JOHN EVELYN



AULD LANG SYNE

65

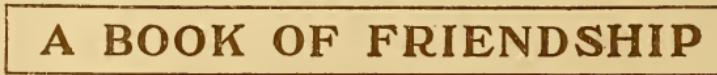
A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP



We were friends from the first moment; sincere attachment began at the beginning.

—JOSEPH JEFFERSON

66



A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

BEN BOLT

Oh! don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a
smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old church-yard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone;
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
~~Together we've lain in the noon-day shade,~~
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in, [gaze,
And a quiet that crawls round the walls as you
Has followed the olden din.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so kind and so true,
And the shaded nook by the running brook,
Where the fairest wild-flowers grew?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who were schoolmates then,
There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new,
But I feel in the depths of my spirit the truth,
There never was change in you.
Twelve months, twenty have passed, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends—yet I hail
Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt sea gale.

—THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH

BILL AND JOE

Come, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by,—
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright as morning dew,—
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail,
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail;
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;
To-day, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,
And grand you look in people's eyes
With H O N. and L L. D.
In big brave letters, fair to see,—

Your fist, old fellow! off they go!
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ermined robe;
You've taught your name to half the globe;
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;
You've made the dead past live again:
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say,
"See those old buffers, bent and gray;
They talk like fellows in their teens!
Mad, poor old boys! That's what it means,"—
And shake their heads; they little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe!

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side;
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,

Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes,—
Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust:
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill, and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
While gaping thousands come and go,—
How vain it seems, this empty show!
Till all at once his pulses thrill,
'Tis poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleased our mortal ears,—

In some sweet lull of harp and song,
For earth-born spirits none too long,—
Just whispering of the world below,
Where this was Bill, and that was Joe?

No matter; while our home is here
No sounding name is half so dear;
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
Read on the hearts that love us still,
Hic jacet Joe. Hic jacet Bill.

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Esteem of great powers, or amiable qualities
newly discovered, may embroider a day or week,
but a friendship of twenty years is interwoven
with the texture of life. A friend may be found
and lost, but an old friend never can be found,
and nature has provided that he cannot easily be
lost.

—SAMUEL JOHNSON

TO AN OLD FRIEND

A kindred taste in books—the better kind,
A love for humor—of an honest vein,
A turn for talk, for verses, and a strain
Of Scottish blood; last, but not least to mind,

A joy in vain debate; all these combined
Have made us young together—spite the score
Of years you rank me, and the little more
Of gray above a brow no deeper lined.

But to keep young together—how solve this?
Who reads the riddle never need grow old:
To leave the heart unlocked, that naught in vain,
So it be worthy—yes, though it be pain—
Shall seek the door: old friend, I cannot miss
The simple answer, by your own life told!

—ROBERT CAMERON ROGERS

I HAD A FRIEND

I had a friend;—in happy hour
We vowed beneath the almond flower
To tread one path;—there came a day
(Was the fault mine?)—he missed the way.
Ah, well-a-day!

I had a friend;—neath cloudy skies
I saw the sunshine in his eyes
And deemed it constant;—came a night
(Was the fault his?)—the dark was light
To the eyes' night.

I had a friend;—his heart was pure,
Strong was his arm, his spirit sure;
We loved as friends do;—well-a-day!
I only know—we missed the way.
Whose fault, I pray?

—GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

SONNET

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's
waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless
night,
And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd
sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanéd moan,
Which I now pay as if not paid before:
But if the while I think of thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

—SHAKESPEARE

OLD COMRADES

Dear old comrades, gone forever,
With your wealth of brilliant fun,
All of you so bright and clever,
How I loved you every one!

Here are two remembered faces,
In my album, old and worn;
As I gaze fond memory paces
Over life's bright early morn.

This one with his chin all hairless,
That with quite a Rabbi's growth;
Such companions, cheerful, careless,
How I dearly loved them both!

O! those pleasant days long vanished,
Passed away I know not how!
Like an exile I am banished
To the gloomy land called "Now."

Then with mirth our eyes would glisten
As the chimes at midnight rang;
Now I often toss, and listen
To those chimes with many a pang.

We were very far from wealthy,
Save in song and fancies bright;
What cared we—young, hopeful, healthy—
That our purses might be light?

Maidens then smiled sweetly on us,
Kissed us—what divinest bliss!
Is there aught in wealth and honours
Equal to a woman's kiss?

On my head the grey is scattered—
Once an auburn richly deep—
And my smooth face worn and battered,
And my friends gone—I could weep.

Well! 'tis useless this repining,
Baneful all this weight of thought;
Now, as 'tis the hour of dining,
Let me broach the crusted port.

Almost run the weary race is,
Dim and dimmer grows the light,
Close the album with those faces,
Fare-thee-well, old friends—Good-night!

—ARTHUR PATCHETT MARTIN

The comfort of having a friend may be taken away, but not that of having had one.

—SENECA

The place where two friends first met is sacred to them all through their friendship, all the more sacred as their friendship deepens and grows old.

—PHILLIPS BROOKS

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT

Sparkling and bright in liquid light,
Does the wine our goblets gleam in;
With hue as red as the rosy bed
Which a bee would choose to dream in.
Then fill to-night, with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

Oh! if Mirth might arrest the flight
Of Time through Life's dominions,
We here a while would now beguile
The graybeard of his pinions,
To drink to-night, with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

But since Delight can't tempt the wight,
Nor fond Regret delay him,
Nor Love himself can hold the elf,
Nor sober Friendship stay him,
We'll drink to-night, with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

—CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN

There is a magic in the memory of schoolboy friendships; it softens the heart, and even affects the nervous system of those who have no hearts.

—BENJAMIN DISRAELI

There is friendship as well as love at first sight, but it is rare.

—KATHERINE E. CONWAY

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER

We have been friends together
In sunshine and in shade,
Since first beneath the chestnut-tree
In infancy we played.
But coldness dwells within thy heart,
A cloud is on thy brow;
We have been friends together,
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been gay together;
We have laughed at little jests;
For the fount of hope was gushing
Warm and joyous in our breasts.
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow;
We have been gay together,
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together;
We have wept with bitter tears
O'er the grass-grown graves where slumbered
The hopes of early years.
The voices which were silent then
Would bid thee clear thy brow;
We have been sad together,
Shall a light word part us now?

—CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH NORTON

We ought never to contract friendship but with a degree of folly which we can deceive, for I hope my friends will pardon me when I declare I know none of them without a fault, and I should be sorry if I could imagine I had any friend who could not see mine. Forgiveness of this kind we give and demand in turn. It is an exercise of friendship, and perhaps none of the least pleasant.

—HENRY FIELDING

THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD

We sat within the farm-house old,
Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,
The light-house, the dismantled fort,
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little room;
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
And who was changed, and who was dead.

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,
And never can be one again.

The first slight swerving of the heart,
That words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could but mark;
The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,
As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
The flames would leap and then expire.

And, as their splendor flashed and failed,
We thought of wrecks upon the main,
Of ships dismasted, that were hailed,
And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames,
The ocean roaring up the beach,
The gusty blast, the bickering flames,
All mingled vaguely in our speech.

Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the brain,
The long-lost ventures of the heart,
That send no answers back again.

Oh flames that glowed ! Oh hearts that yearned !
They were indeed too much akin ;
The drift-wood fire without that burned,
The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

A LEGACY

Friend of my many years!
When the great silence falls, at last, on me,
Let me not leave, to pain and sadden thee,
A memory of tears,

But pleasant thoughts alone
Of one who was thy friendship's honored guest
And drank the wine of consolation pressed
From sorrows of thy own.

I leave with thee a sense
Of hands upheld and trials rendered less—
The unselfish joy which is to helpfulness
Its own great recompense.

The knowledge that from thine,
As from the garments of the Master, stole
Calmness and strength, and virtue which
makes whole
And heals without a sign.

Yea more, the assurance strong
That love, which fails of perfect utterance here,
Lives on to fill the heavenly atmosphere
With its immortal song.

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Cultivate, kindly reader, those friendships of your youth; it is only in that generous time that they are formed. How different the intimacies of after days are, and how much weaker the grasp of your own hand after it has been shaken in twenty years' commerce with the world, and has squeezed and dropped a thousand equally careless palms. As you can seldom fashion your tongue to speak a new language after twenty, the heart refuses to receive friendships pretty soon; it gets too hard to yield to the impression.

—WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

MY DEAD FRIEND

Adown the vale of Life together
We walked in spring and winter weather,
When days were dim, when days were bright;
My friend of whom God's will bereft me,
Whose kind, congenial spirit left me
And went forth in the Unknown Night.

I saw his step grow more invalid,
I saw his cheek grow pallid—pallid,
And wither like a dying rose;
Until, at length, being all too weary
For Life's rude scenes and places dreary,
He bade farewell to friends and foes.

This is his grave. The Spring with flowers
Bestrews it in the morning hours,
Her rarest roses o'er him bowed;
And Summer pauses to deplore him,

And weeping Winter arches o'er him
Her solemn drapery of cloud.

He was not faultless. God, who gave him
Life, and Christ, who died to save him,
Sent Sorrow, wherewith he was tried;
And if, as I who loved him name him,
There should be heard a voice to blame him,
May we not answer, "Christ hath died?"

Ah, verily! . . . I fancy often
I see his kindly features soften,—
I mark his melting eyes grow dim,
While Hunger, with its pained appealing,
Its want and woe and grief revealing,
Stretched its imploring palms to him.

He cannot answer now. He never,
In all the dim, vast, deep Forever,

Shall speak with human words again.
He cannot hear the song-birds calling;
He cannot feel the Spring dews falling,
Nor sigh when Winter winds complain.

Deep is his sleep. He would not waken
Though earth were to her centre shaken
By the loud thunders of a God.
Though the strong sea, by tempest driven,
With wailing waves rock earth and heaven,
He would not answer from the sod.

So be it, friend! A little while hence,
And in the dear, deep, dreamless silence
We too shall share thy couch of rest.
When we have trod Life's pathways dreary,
Kind Death will take the hands grown weary,
And gently fold them o'er the breast.

Sleep on, dear friend! No marble column
Gleams in the lights and shadows solemn,
Over the grasses on thy grave;
But flowers bloom there—the roses love thee;
And the tall oaks that tower above thee,
Their broad, green banners o'er thee wave.

Sleep, while the weary years are flying;
While men are born, while men are dying!
Sleep on thy curtained couch of sod!
Thine be the rest which Christ hath given,
Thine be the Christian's hope of Heaven;
Thine be the perfect peace of God!

—FRANK L. STANTON

He is happy that hath a true friend at his
need; but he is more truly happy that hath no
need of his friend.

—WARWICK

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of a' lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Sin auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
From mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
Sin auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trustyiere,
And gi'es a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught,
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

—ROBERT BURNS

In the hour of distress and misery, the eye
of every mortal turns to friendship; in the hour
of gladness and conviviality, what is our want?
It is friendship. When the heart overflows with
gratitude, or with any other sweet and sacred
sentiment, what is the word to which it would
give utterance? A friend.

—WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

94

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

BALLADE OF OLD DAYS

There's a song in my heart for the days that are
gone;

O! the merry, mad days of the yesternight,
When we drank to success with our cares in
pawn,

When our purses were lean and our hearts
were light—

No regret for to-day, with to-morrow in sight,
And no thought of to-morrow because 'twas
to-day.

Can you tell me, my friends, are we happy, quite,
When our purses are fat and our hearts decay?

They were careless old days, and they ended
with dawn,

And perhaps you remember, when panes were
white

With the snow that had drifted, when curtains
were drawn,
When our purses were lean and our hearts
were light,
That we caviled with Time, and denied him the
right
To remind us that hours were slipping away.
Does the picture, my friends, our smug con-
sciences smite,
When our purses are fat and our hearts decay?

Then a friend was a friend; both the wit and the
brawn
Were at play in defence of a comrade's fight,
And the song that we sang was the song of the
swan,
When our purses were lean and our hearts
were light.

O! my friends of the past, are there any to-night
Who would honor a friend without thinking
of pay?
Is there one of us left who would give of his
might,
When our purses are fat and our hearts decay?

L'ENVOI

There's a song in my heart that began its flight
When our purses were lean and our hearts
were light,
But my muse is a-tremble, and says me nay—
When our purses are fat and our hearts decay.

—S. SCOTT STINSON

Wish thy friend joy of his journey, but pray
in secret that he have no joy, for then may he
return quickly to thee. —EGYPTIAN PROVERB

THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE

A street there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields,
Rue Neuve des petits Champs its name is—
The New Street of the Little Fields;
And there's an inn, not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case,
The which in youth I oft attended,
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—
A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo;
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffron,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace;
All these you eat at Terré's tavern,
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed, a rich and savory stew 'tis;
And true philosophers, methinks,
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
Should love good victuals and good drinks.
And Cordelier or Benedictine
Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,
Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,
Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is?
Yes, here the lamp is as before;
The smiling, red-cheeked écaillère is
Still opening oysters at the door.
Is Terré still alive and able?
I recollect his droll grimace;
He'd come and smile before your table,
And hoped you liked your Bouillabaisse.
We enter; nothing's changed or older.
"How's Monsieur Terré, waiter, pray?"

The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulders;
 “Monsieur is dead this many a day.”
“It is the lot of saint and sinner.
 So honest Terré’s run his race?”
“What will Monsieur require for dinner?”
 “Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?”
“Oh, oui, Monsieur,” ’s the waiter’s answer;
 “Quel vin Monsieur desire-t-il?”
“Tell me a good one.” “That I can, sir;
 The Chambertin with yellow seal.”
“So Terré’s gone,” I say, and sink in
 My old accustomed corner-place;
“He’s done with feasting and with drinking,
 With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse.”
My old accustomed corner here is,
 The table still is in the nook;
Ah! vanished many a busy year is,
 This well-known chair since last I took.

When first I saw ye, Cari luoghi,
I'd scarce a beard upon my face,
And now a grizzled, grim old fogey,
I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty
Of early days, here met to dine?
Come, waiter! quick, a flagon crusty—
I'll pledge them in the good old wine.
The kind old voices and old faces
My memory can quick retrace;
Around the board they take their places,
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There's Jack has made a wondrous marriage;
There's laughing Tom is laughing yet;
There's brave Augustus drives his carriage;
There's poor old Fred in the Gazette;
On James's head the grass is growing;
Good Lord! the world has wagged apace

Since here we set the Claret flowing,
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me.
—There's no one now to share my cup.

Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
In memory of dear old times.
Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is;
And sit you down and say your grace
With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.
—Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse!

—WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

102

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

THE VALE OF AVOCA

There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters
meet;

O, the last ray of feeling and life must depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my
heart!

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the
scene

Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,—
O, no! it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom,
were near,

Who made every dear scene of enchantment
more dear,

And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,

When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet Vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best;

Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,

And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

—THOMAS MOORE

Although a friend may remain faithful in misfortune, yet none but the very best and loftiest will remain faithful to us after our errors and our sins.

—F. W. FARRAR

HAL AND HIS FRIENDS

Hal had a plot of garden-ground,
And when his work was done,
He loved to sit beneath the trees,
And watch the setting sun.
And thither came the friends he loved,—
'Twas Tom, and Dick, and Ben;
Quoth Hal, "We've oft been happy here,—
And so we shall again!"

"No store have we of worldly wealth,
But we are sages all;
And if our fortunes are not great,
Our wishes are but small.
When we began to earn our bread,
Our years were four and ten,
And since that day we've paid our way,—
And so we shall again!"

"We never hide the truth we feel,
To flatter rich or poor;
And stoutly bear, as men should do,
The griefs we cannot cure.
And if like others we have erred,
Or stumbled now and then,
We've always held our heads erect,
And so we shall again!

"With cheerful hearts we've plodded on,
Through many a stormy day;
Enjoyed the light, and loved the right,
And plucked the flowers of May.
We've done our best, and hoped the rest,
Though poor, yet honest men;
And always found our pathway clear,
And so we shall again!"

—CHARLES MACKAY

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-
days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cro-
nies;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly,
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood.

Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert thou not born in my father's dwelling?

So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have
left me,

And some are taken from me; all are departed,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces!

—CHARLES LAMB

There is nothing so great that I fear to do
for my friend, nor nothing so small that I will
disdain to do for him.

—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

108

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

GIVE ME THE OLD

Old wine to drink, old wood to burn, old books to read, and
old friends to converse with.

Old wine to drink!—

Ay, give me the slippery juice
That drippeth from the grape thrown loose
Within the tun;
Plucked from beneath the cliff
Of sunny-sided Teneriffe,
And ripened 'neath the blink
Of India's sun!
Peat whiskey hot,
Tempered with well-boiled water!
These make the long night shorter,—
Forgetting not
Good stout old English porter.

Old wood to burn!—

Ay, bring the hill-side beech
From where the owlets meet and screech,

And ravens croak;
The crackling pine, and cedar sweet;
Bring too a clump of fragrant peat,
Dug 'neath the fern;
The knotted oak,
A faggot too, perchap
Whose bright flame, dancing, winking,
Shall light us at our drinking;
While the oozing sap
Shall make sweet music to our thinking.

Old books to read!—
Ay, bring those modes of wit,
The brazen-clasped, the vellum writ,
Time-honored tomes!
The same my sire scanned before,
The same my grandsire thumbed o'er,
The same his sire from college bore,
The well-earned meed
Of Oxford's domes:

Old Homer blind,
Old Horace, rake Anacreon, by
Old Tully, Plautus, Terence lie;
Mort Arthur's olden minstrelsie,
Quaint Burton, quainter Spencer, ay!
And Gervase Markham's venerie—
 Nor leave behind
Thy Holye Book by which we live and die.

 Old friends to talk!—
Ay, bring those chosen few,
The wise, the courtly, and the true,
 So rarely found;
Him for my wine, him for my stud,
Him for my easel, distich, bud
 In mountain walk!
Bring Walter good:
With soulful Fred; and learned Will,
And thee, my alter ego (dearer still
 For every word.)

—ROBERT HINCKLEY MESSINGER

III

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

FRIENDSHIP

The richest yield of friendship
Is trustfulness complete,
Wherein is thought ne'er hidden
In prudent, far retreat,

But in the simple language
Of loyal brotherhood
It speaks in touch or glances
So certain understood.

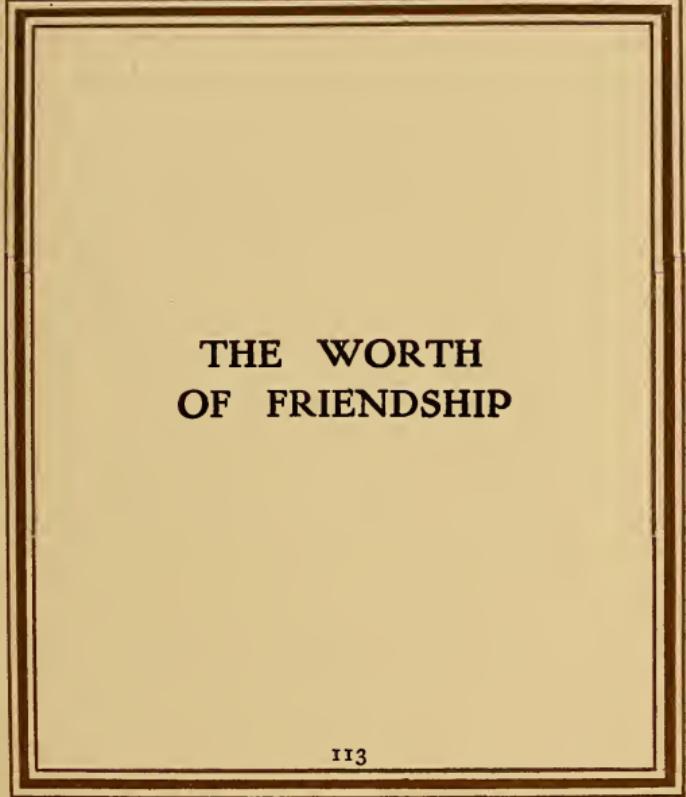
—CAROLINE EDWARDS PRENTISS

When it was suggested to John that he was being transcended by Jesus, his glad answer was: "He that hath the bride is the bridegroom: but the friend of the bridegroom, which standeth and heareth him, rejoiceth greatly because of the bridegroom's voice."

—H. CLAY TRUMBULL

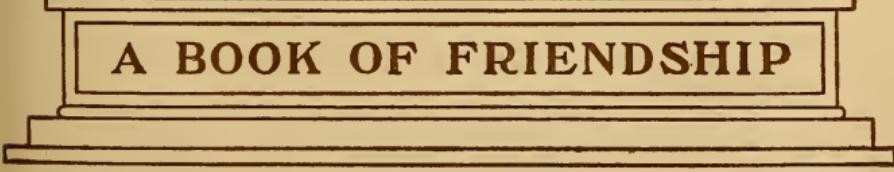
112

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP



THE WORTH
OF FRIENDSHIP

113



A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP



He that will lose his friend for a jest, de-
serves to die a beggar by the bargain.

—THOMAS FULLER

114



A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

INDEBTEDNESS TO FRIENDSHIP

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life! and solder of society!
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd of me,
Far, far beyond whatever I can pay:
Oft have I proved the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of thy gentle heart,
Anxious to please. Oh, when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless
on,

Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-covered bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along.
In grateful errors through the underwood,
Sweet murmuring, methought the shrill-
tongued thrush
Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note;

The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
Assumed a dye more deep; whilst every
flower
Vied with his fellow-plant in luxury
Of dress! Oh then the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste; still the full
heart
Had not imparted half:—'tis happiness
Too exquisite to last!

—ROBERT BLAIR

The best that we find in our travels is an
honest friend. He is a fortunate voyager who
finds many. We travel, indeed, to find them.
They are the end and the reward of life. They
keep us worthy of ourselves; and when we are
alone, we are only nearer to the absent.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

116

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

FRIENDSHIP

I were not worth you could I long for you;
But should you come, you would find me ready.
The lamp is lighted, the flame is steady:
Over the strait I toss this song for you!

—HELEN GRAY CONE

Beware, therefore, now that you are coming into the world, of these proffered friendships. Receive them with great civility, but with great incredulity too; and pay them with compliments but not with confidence. Do not let your vanity and self-love make you suppose that people become your friends at first sight, or even upon a short acquaintance. Real friendship is a slow grower, and never thrives unless ingrafted upon a stock of known and reciprocal merit.

—LORD CHESTERFIELD

117

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

A FRIENDSHIP

Small fellowship of daily commonplace
We hold together, dear, constrained to go
Diverging ways. Yet day by day I know
My life is sweeter for thy life's sweet grace;
And if we meet but for a moment's space,
Thy touch, thy word, sets all the world aglow.
Faith soars serener, haunting doubts shrink
low
Abashed before the sunshine of thy face.
Nor press of crowd, nor waste of distance serves
To part us. Every hush of evening brings
Some hint of thee, true-hearted friend of mine;
And as the farther planet thrills and swerves
When toward it through the darkness Saturn
swings,
Even so my spirit feels the spell of thine.

—SOPHIE JEWETT
(Ellen Burroughs)

FRIENDSHIP

This earth, embossed with mountains, laced with streams,
Starred with fair cities ringed about with towers,
Whose face with hill and laughing valley gleams,
Whose shadowy woods are full of tender flowers,
The birds, the careless beasts beneath the moon,
And that conceited race of feeble man,
All hold their place by harmony, and soon
Sans friendship would sink out of nature's plan.
From manly friendship cities take their root,
Their nurture and their life; from strife their death;
Thro' civil jars they pant with heavy breath;
So dangerous is division in the State!

In harmony the seeds of glory shoot,
And peace at home makes little kingdoms
great.

—EDMUND GOSSE

I hear it was charged against me that I sought
to destroy institutions.
But really I am neither for nor against institu-
tions,
(What indeed have I in common with them? or
what with the destruction of them?)
Only I will establish in the Manahatta and in
every city of these States inland and sea-
board,
And in the fields and woods, and above every
keel little or large that dents the water,
Without edifices or rules or trustees or any argu-
ment,
The institution of the dear love of comrades.

—WALT WHITMAN

120

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

MY NEW FRIEND

A shallow voice said, bitterly, "New friend!"
As if the old alone were true, and, born
Of sudden freak, the new deserved but scorn
And deep distrust. If love could condescend,
What scorn in turn! Do men old garments
mend
With new? And put the new wine, red at morn,
Into the last year's bottles, thin and worn?
But love and loving need not to defend
Themselves. The new is older than the old;
And newest friend is oldest friend in this,
That, waiting him, we longest grieved to miss
One thing we sought. I think when I behold
Full Heaven, I shall not say, "Why was this
never told?"
But, "Ah! this is not new. From first I saw this
bliss."

—HELEN HUNT JACKSON

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND

Oh Friend! forever loved, forever dear!
What fruitless tears have bathed thy honored
bier!
What sighs re-echoed to thy parting breath,
Whilst thou wast struggling in the pangs of
death!
Could tears retard the tyrant in his course;
Could sighs avert his dart's relentless force;
Could youth and virtue claim a short delay,
Or beauty charm the spectre from his prey;
Thou still hadst lived to bless my aching sight,
Thy comrade's honor and thy friend's delight
If yet thy gentle spirit hover nigh
The spot where now thy mouldering ashes lie,
Here wilt thou read, recorded on my heart,
A grief too deep to trust the sculptor's art.
No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep,

But living statues there are seen to weep;
Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy
tomb,
Affliction's self deplores thy youthful doom.
What though thy sire lament his failing line,
A father's sorrows cannot equal mine!
Though none, like thee, his dying hour
will cheer,
Yet other offspring soothe his anguish here:
But, who with me shall hold thy former
place?
Thine image, what new friendship can efface?
Ah, none!—a father's tears will cease to flow,
Time will assuage an infant brother's woe;
To all, save one, is consolation known,
While solitary friendship sighs alone.

—LORD BYRON

123

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

In the wise books of ancient lore we find,

“Full many meet the gods, but few salute
them.”

The sages knew that men are deaf and blind;
And who in modern days shall dare dispute
them?

But I, O precious friend of many years,
In the first moment of our casual meeting,
I knew the visitant from loftier spheres;
I recognized the god, and gave him greeting.

Thank Heaven for that! I knew you at a glance;
I did not need to test or try or doubt you;
I read your birthright in your countenance;
I saw the mystic halo shine about you. . . .

What though some eyes were blind, and could
not see

The light divine, nor note the crowning splendor?

It was enough so true and great to be
To those you loved,—so kindly, wise, and
tender.

Through all the years, whatever grief befell
My life, whatever cruel pain assailed me,
Your heart has been my sheltering citadel,
Your tender, helpful love has never failed me.

A faithful and unfailing comradeship,
My stronghold in this world of evanescence,
Consoling words, kind eyes, and smiling lip,—
I found them all in your most gracious presence.

Had all the breathing world conspired to prove
That you could wrong me, slight me, or deceive me,

Not all the world had made me doubt your love,
Or wrong your utter truth. Dear ghost, be-
lieve me!

O friend most dear! my way is full of fears;
To-day is dreary, and I dread to-morrow.
How shall I bear the bleak and bitter years
Which I must meet in loneliness and sorrow?

How can I bear what I could not have borne
Even when my heart was happier and younger,
The memories which only make me mourn,
The solitude, the spirit's thirst and hunger?

Through these remaining days of mortal breath
I can but weep you, miss you, and regret you,
Knowing no solace but that after death
My soul must either find you—or forget you!

—ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN

126

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

THE THREE SORTS OF FRIENDS

Though friendships differ endless in degree,
The sorts, methinks, may be reduced to three.
Acquaintance many, and Conquaintance few;
But for Inquaintance I know only two—
The friends I've mourned with, and the maid I
woo!

“My dear Gillman—The ground and matériel of this division of one’s friends into ac, con and inquaintance, was given by Hartley Coleridge when he was scarcely five years old (1801). On some one asking him if Anny Sealey (a little girl he went to school with) was an acquaintance of his, he replied, fervently pressing his right hand on his heart, ‘No, she is an inquaintance!’

“Well! ’tis a father’s tale; and the recollection soothes your old friend and inquaintance.”

—S. T. COLERIDGE

A TRUE, TRUE FRIEND

A true, true friend, O fortune, send,—
A life to wreath with mine,
And though I flourish, break, or bend,
Around me intertwine!

'Twere ill to prize false passion's sighs,
The quiver of a leaf;
Nor would I watch in many eyes
For kindred love or grief.

I cannot stand a passive hand,
And hate a luring smile,—
The friend grown cold as blackened brand,
The foe that walks in guile!

Where faces glow and glasses flow
To manly pledges filled,
The moments fall like flakes of snow,
The morrow all is chilled.

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

The boys I knew, and deemed so true,
Have shut me from their souls;
Those shrines love only enters to,
And woman there controls.

A true, true friend, O fortune, send,—
A life to wreath with mine,
And as I flourish, break, or bend,
Around me intertwine!

—JOSEPH O'CONNOR

Because religion is the expression of man's profoundest nature, and friendship is the holiest out-going of the human heart, therefore a great religious movement is sure to have as its leader a man whom friendship inspires and impels. The head is never at its best unless swayed by the heart; and the heart is never swayed so powerfully as when swayed by friendship.

—H. CLAY TRUMBULL

129

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

FRIENDS

O what were art if two might never look,
Or glowing morn if none were ever nigh?

O what were wine if only one partook
Or music if it turned not eye to eye?

O what were life unshared of others' woes;
O what were death if it were not to part?

What e'en the scented beauty of the rose
Whose perfume breathes no message of the
heart?

All, all are one, as leaves that ripe and fall:
In each we learn the part that is divine

Till tottering age hath made us friend of all—
Praise thee thy friend and thou art praising
mine.

—CHARLES D. STEWART

OLD FRIENDS

We just shake hands at meeting
With many that come nigh;
We nod the head in greeting
To many that go by,—
But welcome through the gateway
Our few old friends and true;
Then hearts leap up, and straightway
There's open house for you,
There's open house for you!

Old Friends,

The surface will be sparkling,
Let but a sunbeam shine;
Yet in the deep lies darkling,
The true life of the wine!
The froth is for the many,
The wine is for the few;

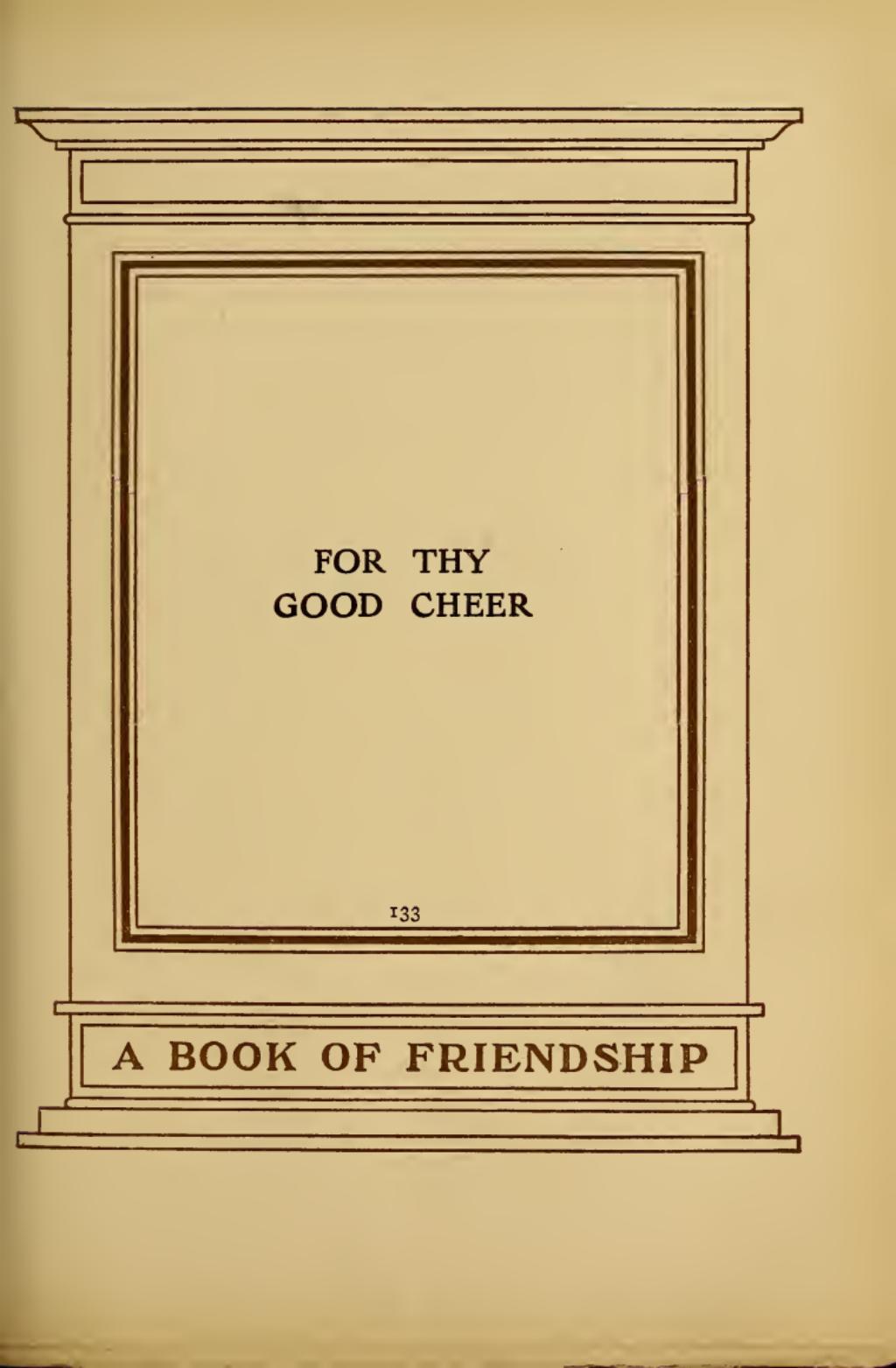
Unseen, untouched of any,
We keep the best for you,
Old Friends,
The very best for you!

The Many cannot know us;
They only pace the strand
Where at our worst we show us—
The waters thick with sand!
But out beyond the leaping
Dim surge 'tis clear and blue;
And there, Old Friends, we are keeping
A sacred calm for you,
Old Friends,
A waiting calm for you.

—GERALD MASSEY

Friendship always benefits, while love sometimes injures.

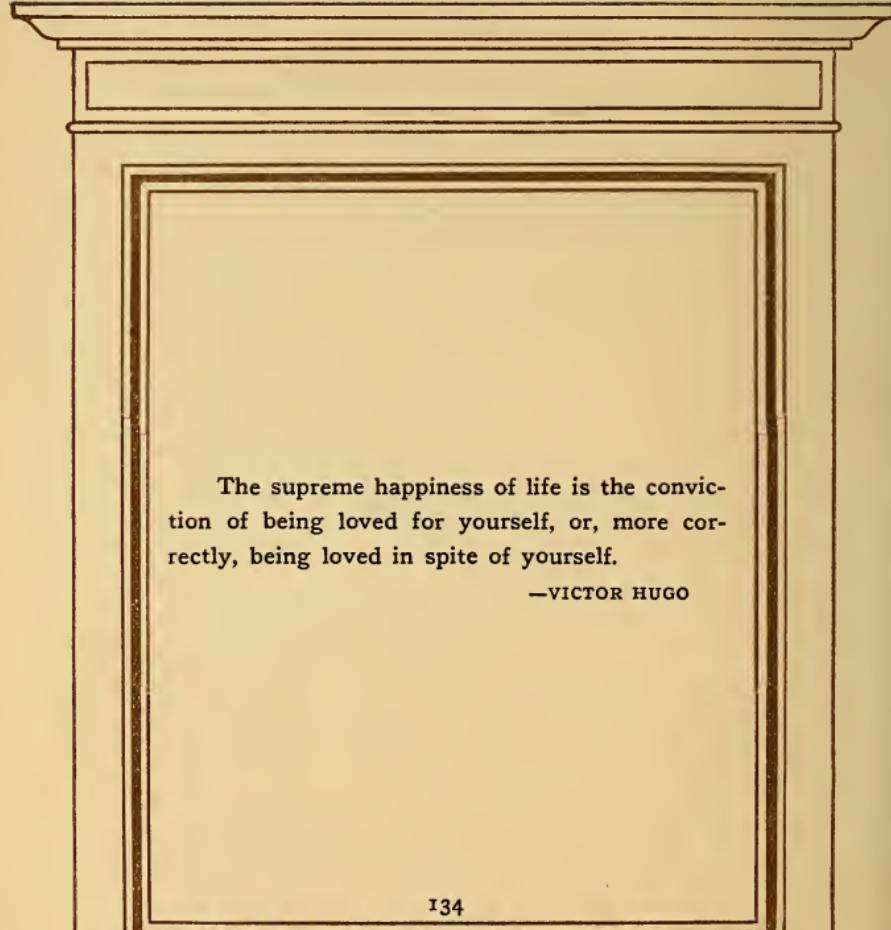
—SENECA



FOR THY
GOOD CHEER

133

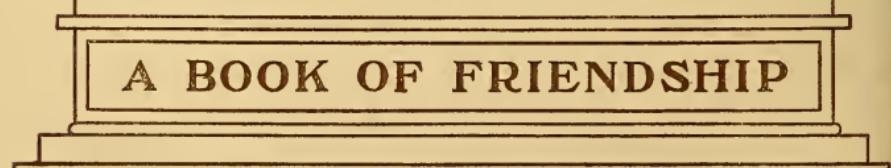
A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP



The supreme happiness of life is the conviction of being loved for yourself, or, more correctly, being loved in spite of yourself.

—VICTOR HUGO

134



A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

FRIENDS

The wintry sky may be chill and drear,
And the wind go sighing in mournful strain,
Or it may be the spring of the waking year,
When flowers and birds return again.
Be it March or May, it matters not,
Snow or violets on the ground,
I know a little bewitching spot,
Where it is fair the whole year round.

A low tea-table set out for two,
A divan with cushions piled on high,
Dresden tea-cups of pink and blue,
A fat little kettle simmering nigh,
In winter a fire that cracks and roars,
In summer a window where breezes play.
What if it hails or snows or pours,
In that little spot it is always May.

A girl—of course, you will say, when one
Describes such a haven from life's mad whirl.
There must be a—wait till my song is done.
 This is such an entrancing girl!
Cheeks as fresh as a summer rose,
 Eyes that change like the changing sea,
Lips where a smile first comes, then goes,
 And, oh! but she makes delicious tea.

So we sit and talk while the kettle sings,
 And life seems better at least to me,
The fleeting hours have golden wings,
 When in that little spot I'm drinking tea.
Love? Ah, no, we are far above
 Such folly. Our time we can better spend.
This world is brimming with loveless love,
 But 'tis rarely enough one finds a friend.

—GUY WETMORE CARRYL

136

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

HEARTS

Do I smile?

Does my face show my joy in spite of all effort
to conceal it?

And you cannot guess my good fortune?

No; I have not picked up a purse, nor inherited
an estate, nor won a race, nor had a manu-
script accepted.

I have only found a friend.

I have spun another golden thread out of my
heart to bind me to my fellows.

—ERNEST CROSBY

A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is
born for adversity. Faithful are the wounds of
a friend. Ointment and perfume rejoice the
heart, so doth the sweetness of a man's friend by
hearty counsel. Thine own friend and thy
father's friend forsake not.

—PROVERBS

137

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

SONG

Friendship from its moorings strays,
Love binds fast together;
Friendship is for balmy days,
Love for stormy weather.

For itself the one contends,
Fancied wrongs regretting—
Love the thing it loves defends,
All besides forgetting.

Friendship is the morning lark
Toward the sunrise winging,
Love the nightingale, at dark
Most divinely singing!

—FLORENCE EARLE COATES

Agreeableness does not necessarily imply external beauty. —KATHERINE E. CONWAY

JAFFAR

Jaffar, the Barmecide, the good vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,
Jaffar was dead, slain by a doom unjust;
And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust
Of what the good, and e'en the bad, might say,
Ordained that no man living from that day
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.
All Araby and Persia held their breath.

All but the brave Mondeer: he, proud to show
How far for love a grateful soul can go,
And facing death for very scorn and grief
(For his great heart wanted a great relief),
Stood forth in Bagdad daily, in the square
Where once had stood a happy house, and there
Harangued the tremblers at the scymetar
On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.

“Bring me this man,” the caliph cried; the man
Was brought, was gazed upon. The mutes began
To bind his arms. “Welcome, brave cords,”
cried he;
“From bonds far worse Jaffar delivered me;
From wants, from shames, from loveless house-
hold fears;
Made a man’s eyes friends with delicious tears;
Restored me, loved me, put me on a par
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffar?”

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate
Might smile upon another half as great.
He said, “Let worth grow frenzied if it will;
The caliph’s judgment shall be master still.
Go, and since gifts so move thee, take this gem,
The richest in the Tartar’s diadem,

And hold the giver as thou deemest fit!"
"Gifts!" cried the friend; he took, and holding it
High toward the heavens, as though to meet his
star,
Exclaimed, "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar!"

—LEIGH HUNT

It is hard to conceive of agreeableness apart
from gentle and kindly manners.

—KATHERINE E. CONWAY

I am no friend to purely psychological attach-
ments. In some unknown future they may
be satisfying, but in the present I want your
words and your voice, with your thoughts, your
looks, and your gestures to interpret your feel-
ings. The warm strong grasp of Greatheart's
hand is as dear to me as the steadfast fashion of
his friendships.

—HENRY VAN DYKE

141

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

IF I SHOULD DIE

If I should die to-night, and you should come to
my cold corpse and say,

Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless clay—
If I should die to-night,

And you should come in deepest grief and woe—
And say: "Here's that ten dollars that I owe,"

I might arise in my large white cravat
And say, "What's that?"

If I should die to-night, and you should come to
my cold corpse and kneel,

Clasping my bier to show the grief you feel,
I say, if I should die to-night

And you should come to me, and there and then
Just even hint 'bout payin' me that ten,

I might arise the while,
But I'd drop dead again.

—BEN F. KING

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A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

BORES

What smiles and welcome would I give
Some friends I see each day I live;
And yet what treasures would I pay
If some would always stay away.

—ANONYMOUS

Perhaps the most delightful friendships are
those in which there is much agreement, much
disputation, and yet more personal liking.

—GEORGE ELIOT

O traveler, who hast wandered far
'Neath southern sun and northern star,
Say where the fairest regions are?

Friend, underneath whatever skies
Love looks in love-returning eyes,
There are the bowers of Paradise.

—CLINTON SCOLLARD

143

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

A SEAT FOR THREE*

“A seat for three, where host and guest
May side-by-side pass toast or jest;
And be their number two or three,
With elbow-room and liberty,
What need to wander east or west?
A nook for thought, a nook for rest
And meet for fasting or for fest,
In fair and equal parts to be
A seat for three.

“Then give you pleasant company,
For youth or elder shady tree;
A roof for council or sequest,
A corner in a homely nest;
Free, equal, and fraternally
A seat for three.”

—WALTER CRANE

*Written on the panels of a settle

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

WHAT ARE ANOTHER'S FAULTS TO ME?

What are another's faults to me?

I've not a vulture's bill

To pick at every flaw I see,

And make it wider still.

It is enough for me to know

I've follies of my own,

And on my heart the care bestow,

And let my friends alone.

When a friend in kindness tries

To show you where your error lies,

Conviction does but more incense,

Perverseness is your whole defence.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,

That flattery's the food of fools;

Yet now and then your men of wit

Will condescend to take a bit.

—JONATHAN SWIFT

OUR FRIENDS

There are no friends like the old friends;
We know their ways, alack;
They walk in, take our brand-new books
And never bring them back.

—ANONYMOUS

THE TIPPLING FRIEND

Men brandy drink and never think
That girls at all can tell it;
They don't suppose a woman's nose
Was ever made to smell it.

—MRS. CAUDLE

The holy passion of Friendship is of so
sweet and steady and loyal and enduring a na-
ture that it will last through a whole lifetime, if
not asked to lend money.

—MARK TWAIN

146

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

THE MEETING OF FOES AND THE MEETING OF FRIENDS

Fill the cup! fill it high! Let us drink to the
might

Of the manhood that joyously rushes to fight,
And, true to the death, all unflinching will stand,
For our home and our hearth, and our own na-
tive land!

'Tis the bright sun of June that is gilding the
crest

Of the warriors that fight for their isles of the
West;

The breeze that at morning but plays with the
plume,

At evening may wave the red grass o'er the
tomb;

The corn that has ripen'd in summer's soft breath,
In an hour may be reap'd in the harvest of death:

Then drink to their glory—the glory of those
Who triumph'd or fell in that meeting of foes.*

But fill the cup higher to drink to the friends
Bound fast in affection that life only ends;
Whose hearts, when defended from foes that
have dared,
Are prized all the more when with friends they
are shared!

Far better the wine-cup with ruby may flow
To the health of a friend than the fall of a foe;
Tho' bright are the laurels that glory may twine,
Far softer the shade of the ivy and vine;
Then fill the cup higher! The battle is won—
Our perils are over—our feast has begun!—
On the meeting of foeman pale sorrow attends—
Rosy joy crowns our meeting—the meeting of
friends.

—SAMUEL LOVER

*Battle of Waterloo

148

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

FRIENDS

We're friends; what makes you think we're not?

We get along first-rate.

You don't go'n think just coz we've got

Nose-bleeds when we separate,

We aren't best friends, aren't Tom and I?

Why, don't you see, Ma, that's just why!

When Tom and I meet after school,

" 'll you play leap-frog?" says I.

He answers, casual-like and cool,

"Girls' game! Let's play 'I spy.' "

Says I, "Pish! Good for little fry!

"Marbles?" says I. Says he, "Not I!"

Says he, "Play jack-straws?—I've brought mine."

Says I, "Run home ter Poll,

And make her slick yer hair down fine,

And give yer her rag-doll;

We'll drag her 'long in yer sweet go-cart."
Says Tommy promptly, "Ain't you smart!"

Says I, " 'll you play ball?—got my bat."
S' he, "Go to yer grandmother!"
S' I, "Don't you speak to me like that!"
S' he, "What if I should pre—fer?"
S' I, "You best mind"—S' he, "Don't you fret!"
S' I, " 'll you fight me?" S' he, "Jus' you bet!"

And then we fight. And when we've done,
Our eyes are sometimes black,
And all our buttons mostly gone,—
He punches, I punch back;
And when we're tired out, we drop;
And when we've had enough, we stop.

But I like Tommy, he likes me;
There isn't another chap

Will fight so long or readily—
Quick, mother! where's my cap?
That whistle's Tom—where was it laid?
Ah, good! He sha'n't think I'm afraid!

—GERTRUDE HALL

FRIEND

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit and mirth, and spleen about
thee,
That there's no living with thee, nor without
thee.

—JOSEPH ADDISON

Live not without a friend: The Alpine rock must
own
Its mossy grace or else be nothing but a stone.

—W. W. STORY

151

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

A TEMPLE TO FRIENDSHIP

"A Temple to Friendship," said Laura, enchanted,
"I'll build in this garden,—the thought is divine!"

Her temple was built and she now only wanted
An image of Friendship to place on the shrine.
She flew to a sculptor, who set down before her
A Friendship, the fairest his art could invent;
But so cold and so dull, that the youthful adorer
Saw plainly this was not the idol she meant.

"Oh! never," she cried, "could I think of en-
shrinning
An image whose looks are so joyless and dim;
But yon little god, upon roses reclining,
We'll make, if you please, sir, a Friendship of
him."

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

So the bargain was struck; with the little god
laden
She joyfully flew to her shrine in the grove:
“Farewell,” said the sculptor, “you’re not the
first maiden
Who came but for Friendship and took away
Love.”

—THOMAS MOORE

If Jonathan had envied David when he saw
that David was to have the throne which Jon-
athan was yielding without the credit of yield-
ing, it would have evidenced a lack of surpassing
friendship for David in the heart of Jonathan.
But because Jonathan loved David as his own
soul, loved him with a self-forgetful friendship,
envy of David could find no place in the royal
and loyal heart of Jonathan.

—H. CLAY TRUMBULL

153

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

THE TWO FRIENDS

I have two friends—two glorious friends,—two
better could not be,
And every night when midnight tolls they meet
to laugh with me.
The first was shot by Carlist thieves—ten years
ago in Spain;
The second drowned near Alicante—while I
alive remain.

I love to see their dim white forms come floating
through the night,
And grieve to see them fade away in early morn-
ing light.
The first with gnomes in the Under Land is
leading a lordly life,
The second has married a mermaiden, a beauti-
ful water-wife.

And since I have friends in the Earth and Sea—
 with a few, I trust, on high,
'Tis a matter of small account to me—the way
 that I may die.
For whether I sink in the foaming flood, or
 swing on the triple tree,
Or die in my bed as a Christian should, is all the
 same to me.

—CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

Unless the loved one had been looked up to
for his own sake, as that ideal's embodiment, he
could not have been loved as he is by him who
claims to be his friend; hence envy is forestalled
by the very friendship's existence; for envy is a
selfish regret that another is in advance of us,
while friendship is an unselfish affection for an-
other because he is in advance of us—or ought
to be, as we see it.

—H. CLAY TRUMBULL

155

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

ABSENT FRIENDS

To absent friends I drain this glass!
First, those who sleep beneath the grass
And taste the peace death only lends
And slumber quiet—Absent Friends!

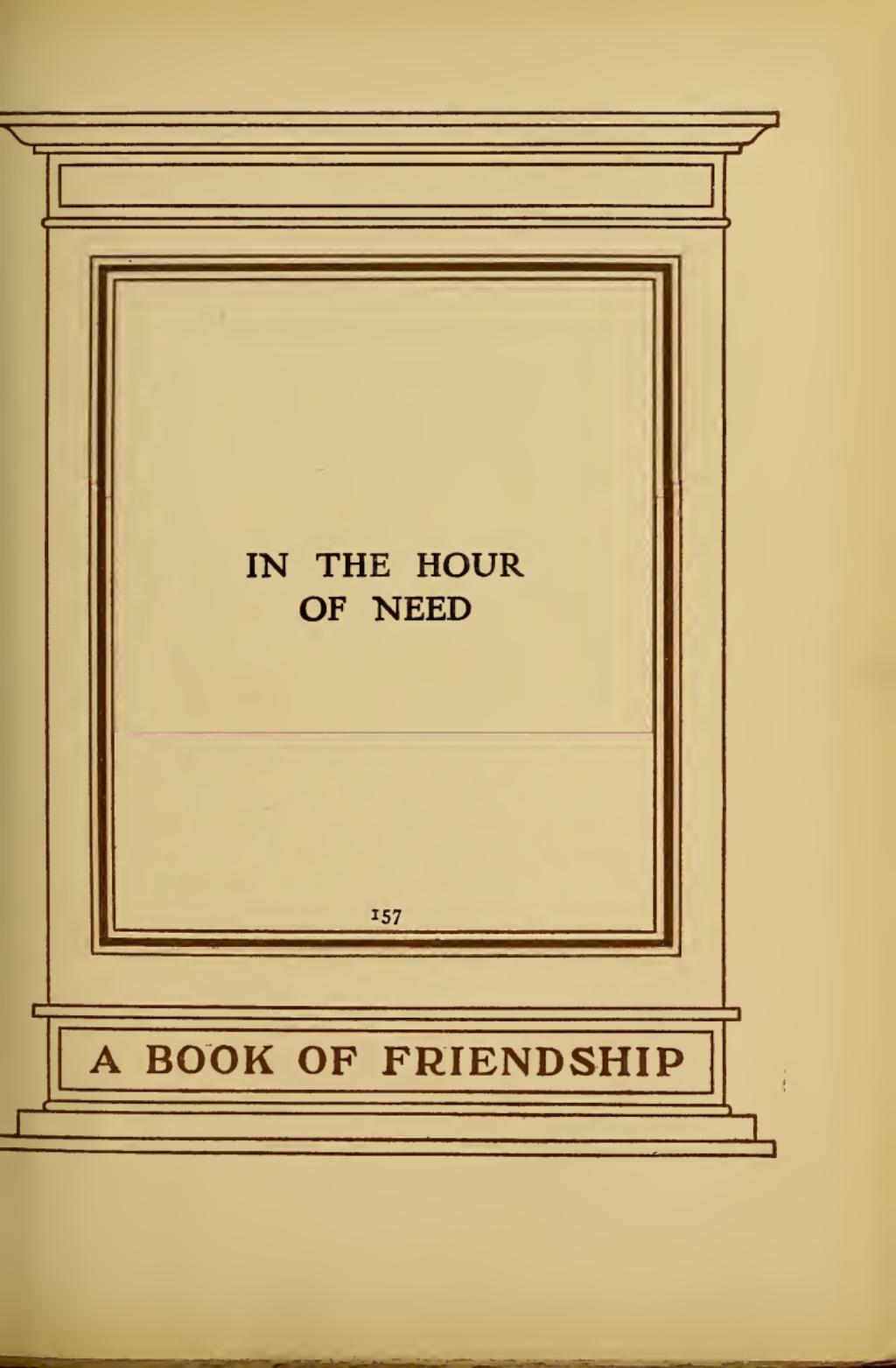
And next I pour rich wine to those
Who dwell beyond where ocean flows;
In hopeless toil which never ends,
Alone, uncared-for—Absent Friends!

I drain the ruby wine to all
Who weep and toil on earth's dark ball!
To all whom poverty attends!
Whom love cheers never—Absent Friends!

—MARGARET THOMAS

Two indispensable qualities of friendship—
mutual agreement and confidence.

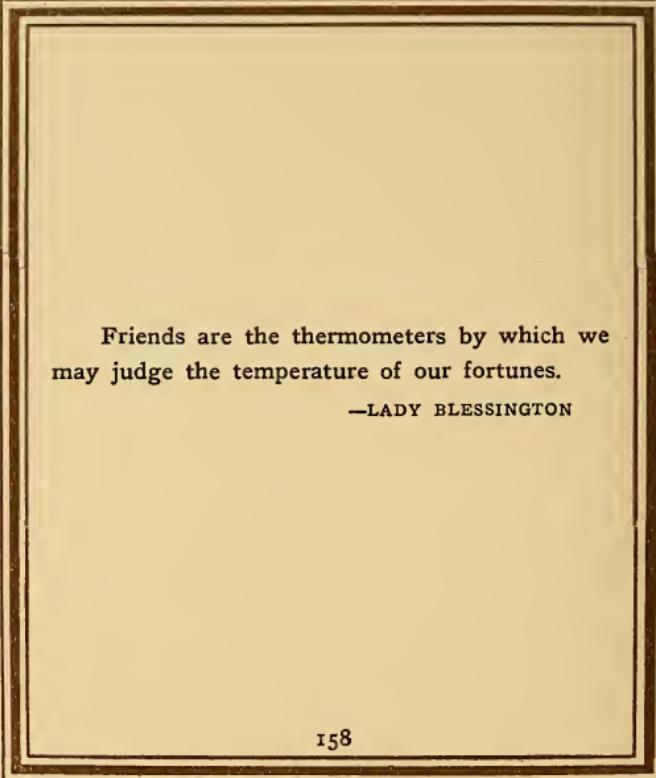
—KATHERINE E. CONWAY



IN THE HOUR
OF NEED

157

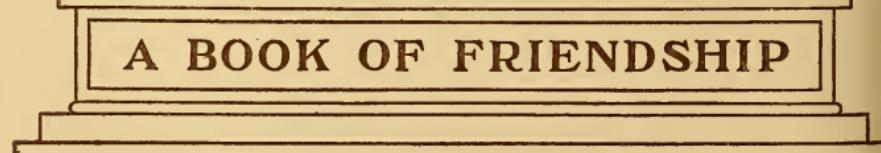
A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP



Friends are the thermometers by which we
may judge the temperature of our fortunes.

—LADY BLESSINGTON

158



A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

FRIENDS

This love demands too much, methinks—

Too much of striving and unrest,
Too many blows for scanty bliss,
Too much dependent on a kiss,
Too much concealed, too much confessed.

One wearies of a ceaseless glare—
Give me your friendship's shadowing,
The knowledge of a sympathy
And confidence that may not be
Distorted by a little thing.

Yet, let ours be the gentler way,
The level eyes, the steady hand;
Not love that bloweth hot or cold—
One craveth peace as one grows old—
Let us be wise and understand.

—THEODOSIA PICKERING GARRISON

159

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

A FRIEND IN NEED

“A friend in need,” my neighbor said to me,
“A friend indeed is what I mean to be;
In time of trouble I will come to you,
And in the hour of need you’ll find me true.”

I thought a bit, and took him by the hand:
“My friend,” said I, “you do not understand
The inner meaning of that simple rhyme;
A friend is what the heart needs all the time.”

—HENRY VAN DYKE

Give friendship, whether the object of your friendship becomes a friend or not. It is a most hindering error to suppose that two are required for a friendship. The most enriching friendships of all times have been lonely ones. Be you a friend.

—AMOS R. WELLS

160

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

FRIENDS AND FOES

Bitter the things one's enemies will say
Against one sometimes when one is away;
But of a bitterness far more intense
The things one's friends will say in one's defence.

—WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

There was a well-drawn picture a while ago in an English paper of an old woman propped in an easy-chair, with a sweet-faced parish visitor seated beside her. "And was your husband good and kind to you during your long illness?" asked the visitor. "Oh, yes, miss! 'e was just kind; 'e was more like a friend than a 'usband." . . . Only when friendship becomes reciprocal does it attain its own high goal. We seem to dishonor the word when we let it stand for less than that, and to despoil it of half its glory.

—RUTH OGDEN
(Mrs. Charles W. Ide)

THE FACE OF A FRIEND

Much beautiful, and excellent, and fair,
Was seen beneath the sun; but nought was seen
More beautiful, or excellent, or fair,
Than face of faithful friend,—fairest when seen
In darkest day.

—ROBERT POLLOK

A friendship that makes the least noise is
very often the most useful, for which reason I
should prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one.

—JOSEPH ADDISON

As ships meet at sea, a moment together,
when words of greeting must be spoken, and
then away into the deep, so men meet in this
world; and I think we should cross no man's
path without hailing him, and, if needs, giving
him supplies.

—HENRY WARD BEECHER

162

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

TO A FRIEND

Your eyes are—but I cannot tell
Just what's the color of your eyes,
I only know therein doth dwell
A something that can sympathize,
When selfish love would fail to see
The depths revealed alone to me.

—JOHN GOWDY

Fix yourself upon the wealthy. In a word, take this for a golden rule through life: Never, never have a friend that is poorer than yourself.

—DOUGLAS JERROLD

Of all felicities the most charming is that of a firm and gentle friendship. It sweetens our cares, dispels our sorrows, and counsels us in all our extremities.

—SENECA

THE TIMES THAT ARE

O Friend! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am opprest,
To think that now our Life is only drest
For show; mean handy-work of craftsmen, cook,
Or groom!—We must run glittering like a brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:
The wealthiest man among us is the best:
No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry; and these we adore:
Plain living and high thinking are no more:
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone: our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Friendship is enjoyed according as it is desired.

—MONTAIGNE

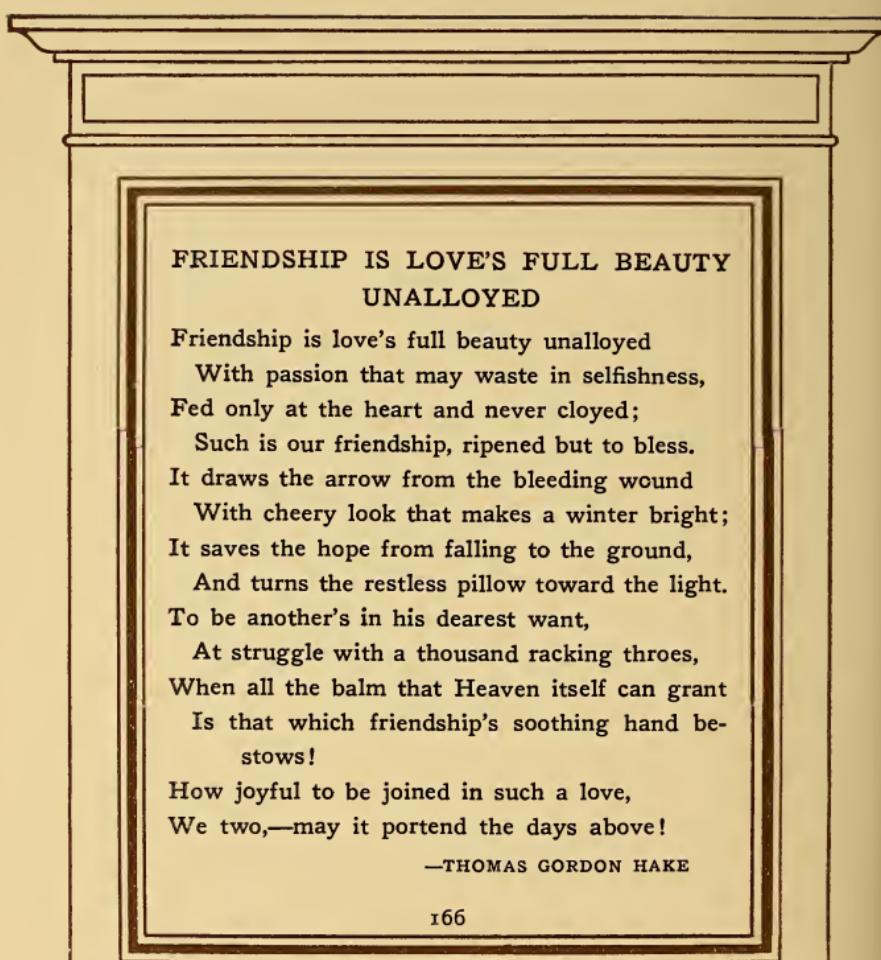
A SONNET

Dear, if you love me, hold me most your friend,
Chosen from out the many who would bear
Your gladness gladly—heavily your care;
Who best can sympathize, best comprehend,
Where others fail; who, breathless to the end,
Follows your tale of joy or of despair:
Hold me your counselor, because I dare
To lift my hand to guide you, that I lend
My love to help you. And I would you knew
That I am fair enough to win men's hearts,
If so I willed; yet honor me above
All other women, since I am too true
To trap you with my sex's smaller arts.
Deem me all these, but love me as your love.

—ALICE DUER

The higher the style we demand of friend-
ship; the less easy to establish it.

—EMERSON

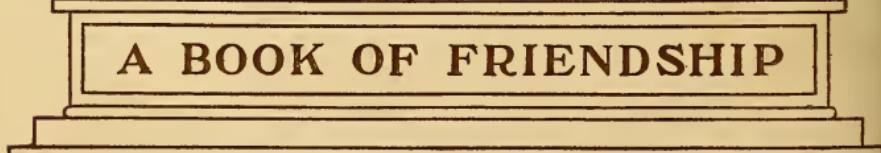


FRIENDSHIP IS LOVE'S FULL BEAUTY UNALLOYED

Friendship is love's full beauty unalloyed
With passion that may waste in selfishness,
Fed only at the heart and never cloyed;
Such is our friendship, ripened but to bless.
It draws the arrow from the bleeding wound
With cheery look that makes a winter bright;
It saves the hope from falling to the ground,
And turns the restless pillow toward the light.
To be another's in his dearest want,
At struggle with a thousand racking throes,
When all the balm that Heaven itself can grant
Is that which friendship's soothing hand be-
stows!
How joyful to be joined in such a love,
We two,—may it portend the days above!

—THOMAS GORDON HAKE

166



A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

FRIENDSHIP

Lo, in my hour of need I called on thee,
Asking thy friendship's none too heavy toll;
Comrades were we when I was glad and whole,
And yet thou cam'st not, and at last I see
Twain are the ways of friendship, and there be
One that laughs with us o'er the fragrant bowl,
And one that wanders with the troubled soul
In the great silence of Gethsemane.

I can forgive, and while glad days abound
Thou shalt be with me; but when Autumn
flings
The rose-leaf and the wine-cup to the ground,
Then would I call upon the heart that hears
With intimate love the depth of human things,
The eye that knows the sanctity of tears.

—GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face,
Before they laid it in its resting-place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And hold my hands with lingering caress—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind, with loving
thought,
Some kindly deed the icy hands had wrought;
Some gentle words the frozen lips had said;
Errands on which the willing feet had sped;
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to
 me,
Recalling other days remorsefully;
The eyes that chilled me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften in the old familiar way;
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So I might rest, forgiven of all to-night.

Oh, friends, I pray to-night
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow!
The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
Think gently of me; I am travel worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, O hearts estranged, forgive, I plead:
When dreamless sleep is mine, I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

—ARABELLA E. SMITH

169

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

JIM

He was jes' a plain, ever'-day, all-round kind of
a jour.,

Consumpted-lookin'—but la!

The jokiest, wittiest, story-tellin', song-singin',
laughin'est, jolliest

Feller you ever saw!

Worked at jes' coarse work, but you kin bet he
was fine enough in his talk,

And his feelin's too!

Lordy! ef he was on'y back on his bench agin to-
day, a-carryin' on
Like he ust to do!

Any shop-mate'll tell you there never was, on
top o' dirt,

A better feller'n Jim! [else—

You want a favor, and couldn't git it anywhere
You could git it o' him!

Most free-heartedest man thataway in the world,
I guess,
Give up ever' nickel he's worth—
And, ef you'd a-wanted it, and named it to him,
and it was his,
He'd a-give you the earth!

Allus a-reachin' out, Jim was, and a-he'pin', some
Pore feller onto his feet—
He'd a-never a-keered how hungry he was hisse'f,
So's the feller got somepin' to eat!
Didn't make no difference at all to him how he
was dressed,
He ust to say to me,—
"You tog out a tramp purty comfortable in
winter-time, a-huntin' a job,
And he'll git along!" says he.

Jim didn't have, ner never could git ahead so
overly much
O' this world's goods at a time,—
'Fore now I've saw him more'n onc't lend a dol-
lar, and haf to, more'n likely,
Turn 'round and borry a dime!
Mebby laugh and joke about it hisse'f fer a while
—then jerk his coat,
And kind o' square his chin,
Tie on his apern, and squat hisse'f on his old
shoe-bench,
And go to peggin' agin!

Patientest feller too, I reckon, 'at ever jes'
naturally
Coughed hisse'f to death!
Long enough after his voice was lost, he'd laugh
in a whisper and say
He could git ever'thing but his breath—

"You fellers," he'd sort o' twinkle his eyes and
say,
"Is a-pilin' onto me
A mighty big debt for that air little weak-
chested ghost o' mine to pack
Through all Eternity!"

Now there was a man 'at jes' 'peared like, to me,
'At ortn't a-never a-died!
"But death hain't a-showin' no favors," the old
boss said,
"On'y to Jim!" and cried:
And Wigger, who puts up the best sewed work
in the shop,
Er the whole blame neighborhood,
He says, "When God made Jim, I bet you He
didn't do anything else that day
But jes' set around and feel good!"

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

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173

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

ODE TO FRIENDSHIP

Friendship! what art thou—but a poet's toy?
A will-o'whisp, that plays around the purse;
That shines and flatters, only to decoy,
When grinning poverty takes men to nurse?

Now have I seen thee, on the gilded couch,
Wriggling with rapture and delight;
Seizing with joy thy silken pouch,
When wealthy neighbours send to borrow;
But then, again, how fill'd with gloom and sor-
row
When poor acquaintance come to beg a doit.

Friendship but seldom dwells with men of riches;
It likes not scarlet cloaks and sattin breeches;
It is not us'd to cards and riot—
But loves to live in shady bowers;
To cultivate both fields and flowers,
And sleep in quiet.

It also pines where want and famine dwell;
It cannot feed on scanty meals;
For hunger cheerfulness conceals,
And want with grief our bosoms swell.

Where competence her table spreads,
And social sentiments attend—
Perhaps the good may find a friend;
May find that bliss, which cheers the soul,
And o'er the face flown lustre sheds,
When seas of mis'ry round us roll.

But much I doubt if friendship true
E'er link'd, for life, two souls together;
Such friendship, as around them drew
The self-same soul and pleasant weather.

Friendship, methinks, is somewhat like a whale;
Sometimes swimming round life's surface gay;
At others, downward, dashing thro' the spray,
And flapping 'gainst us hard her angry tail.

But lest my rural readers should not see
The pith of this my dashing simile;
Peter will hunt midst flowers and roses,
To find a pretty beauquet for their noses.

Good gentles, have you never seen
A plant, so sensitive and shy,
That let the smallest ant or fly
Light on its spreading arms of green,
When instantly it clasps those arms about,
And seems to say, "You saucy dog, get out."

So 'tis with Friendship; you may stand and stare
Upon her qualities, so strange and rare,
But only put your fingers on her purse,
And take my word, for't, such is madam's feeling,
That she will make a most confounded fuss;
Nay, swear she caught you in the act of stealing.
Witness the pious Doctor Dodd,
Whose friendship swung him to the land of Nod.

—P. QUINCE, ESQ.

176

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

TO FIND A FRIEND

The city's ways are not my ways, and never
Shall I to its demands be reconciled;
I walk amid its roar and rumble, dreaming,
A cool and careful man in outward seeming,
But in my heart a lost and lonely child.

I wear a mask, as you do and as all do,
To hide what none has time to comprehend;
A mask of settled purpose and of daring,
To hide how very little I am caring
For anything but just to find a friend.

—FRANK PUTNAM

A slender acquaintance with the world must
convince every man that actions, not words, are
the true criterion of the attachment of friends;
and that the most liberal professions of good-
will are very far from being the surest marks of
it.

—GEORGE WASHINGTON

177

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

THE JOY OF FRIENDS

It is my joy in life to find
At every turning of the road,
The strong arms of a comrade kind
To help me onward with my load;
And since I have no gold to give,
And love alone must make amends,
My only prayer is, while I live—
God make me worthy of my friends.

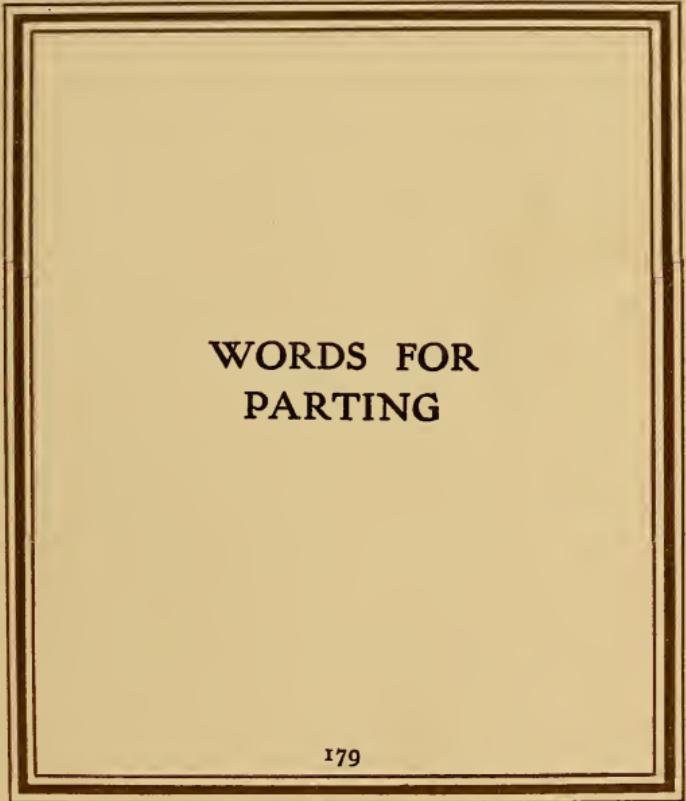
—FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

The man who will share his purse with you
in the days of poverty and distress, and like the
good Samaritan, be surety for your support to
the landlord, you may admit to your confidence,
incorporate into the very core of your heart, and
call him friend; misfortunes cannot shake him
from you; a prison will not conceal you from his
sight.

—J. BARTLETT

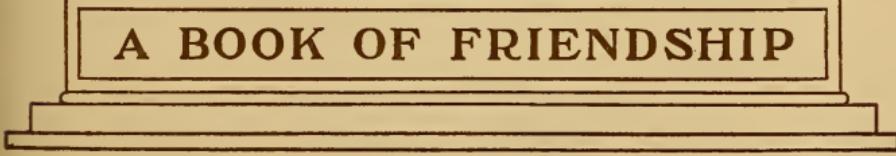
178

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

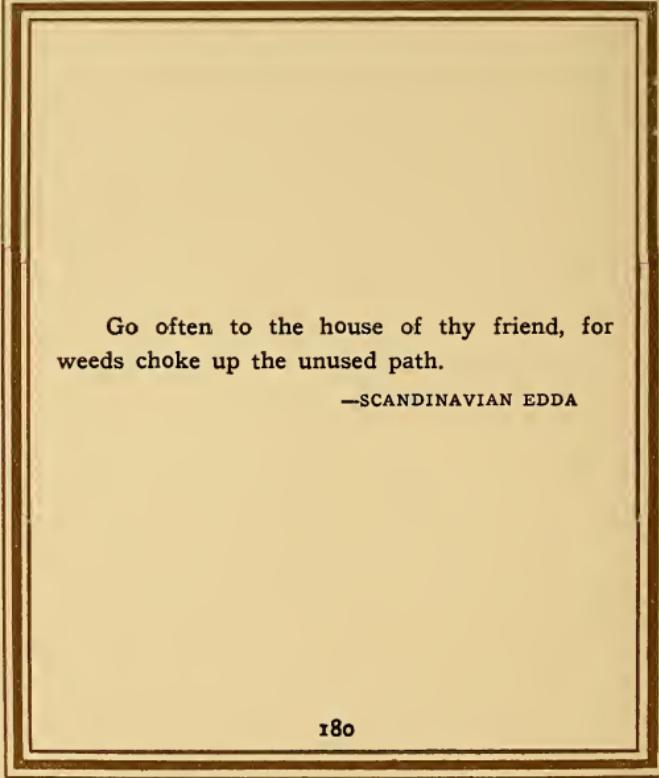


WORDS FOR
PARTING

179



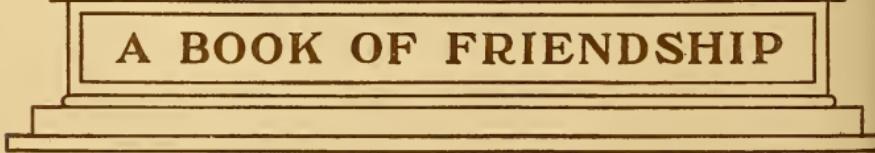
A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP



Go often to the house of thy friend, for
weeds choke up the unused path.

—SCANDINAVIAN EDDA

180



A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

WORDS FOR PARTING

Oh, what shall I do, dear,
In the coming years, I wonder,
When our paths which lie so sweetly near,
Shall lie so far asunder?
Oh, what shall I do, dear,
Through all the sad to-morrows,
When the sunny smile has ceased to cheer
That smiles away my sorrows?

What shall I do, my friend,
When you are gone forever?
My heart its eager need will send
Through the years, to find you never.
And how will it be with you,
In the weary world, I wonder!
Will you love me with a love as true,
When our paths lie far asunder?

A sweeter, sadder thing,
 My life for having known you:
Forever with my sacred kin,
 My soul's soul I must own you,—
Forever mine, my friend,
 From June to life's December,
Not mine to have or hold,
 But to pray for and remember.

The way is short, O friend,
 That reaches out before us.
God's tender heavens above us bend,
 His love is smiling o'er us.
A little while is ours,
 For sorrow or for laughter:
I'll lay the hand you love in yours,
 On the shore of the hereafter.

—MARY CLEMMER AMES

182

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

GOODBY

Bid me goodby! No sweeter salutation
Can friendship claim,
Nor yet can any language, any nation,
A sweeter frame.
It is not final; it forebodes no sorrow
As some declare
Who, born to fretting, are so prone to borrow
To-morrow's share.

“Goodby” is but a prayer, a benediction
From lips sincere,
And breathed by thine it brings a sweet conviction
That God will hear.

“Goodby!” Yes, “God be with you!” Prayer
and blessing
In simplest phrase,

Alike our need and His dear care confessing
In all our ways.

However rare or frequent be our meeting,
However nigh
The last long parting or the endless greeting,
Bid me goodby!

—HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL

As true friendship cements two hearts into
one, so a large acquaintance divides and dis-
tracts the heart.

—PLUTARCH

In life it is difficult to say who do you the
most mischief—enemies with the worst inten-
tions or friends with the best.

—EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON

184

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

COUNSEL

If thou shouldst bid thy friend farewell,
But for one night though that farewell should
be,
Press thou his hand in thine; how canst thou tell
How far from thee

Fate or caprice may lead his feet
Ere that to-morrow come. Men have been
known
Lightly to turn the corner of a street,
And days have grown

To months, and months to lagging years,
Before they looked in loving eyes again.
Parting, at best, is underlaid with tears—
With tears and pain.

Therefore, lest sudden death should come between,

Or time, or distance, clasp with pressure true
The palm of him who goeth forth. Unseen,
Fate goeth, too!

Yea, find thou always time to say
Some earnest word betwixt the idle talk,
Lest with thee henceforth, night and day,
Regret should walk.

—MOLLIE E. M. DAVIS

Would you throw away a diamond because it pricked you? One good friend is not to be weighed against the jewels of all the earth. If there is coolness or unkindness between us, let us come face to face and have it out. Quick, before love grows cold!

—ROBERT SMITH

186

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

DREAMS AND REALITIES

O, Rosamond, thou fair and good
And perfect flower of womanhood!
Thou royal rose of June!
Why didst thou droop before thy time?
Why wither in the first sweet prime?
Why didst thou die so soon?

For, looking backward through my tears
On thee, and on my wasted years,
I cannot choose but say,
If thou hadst lived to be my guide,
Or thou hadst lived and I had died,
'Twere better far to-day.

O child of light, O golden head!—
Bright sunbeam for one moment shed
Upon life's lonely way,—
Why didst thou vanish from our sight?
Could they not spare my little light
From heaven's unclouded day?

O friend so true, O friend so good!—
Thou one dream of my maidenhood,
That gave youth all its charms,—
What had I done, or what hadst thou,
That through this lonesome world till now,
We walk with empty arms?

And yet had this poor soul been fed
With all it loved and coveted;
Had life been always fair,
Would these dear dreams that ne'er depart,
That thrill with bliss my inmost heart,
Forever tremble there?

If still they kept their earthly place,
The friends I held in my embrace,
And gave to death, alas!
Could I have learned that clear, calm faith
That looks beyond the bonds of death,
And almost longs to pass?

Sometimes, I think, the things we see
Are shadows of the things to be;
That what we plan we build;
That every hope that hath been crossed,
And every dream we thought was lost,
In heaven shall be fulfilled.

That even the children of the brain
Have not been born and died in vain,
Though here unclothed and dumb;
But on some brighter, better shore
They live, embodied evermore,
And wait for us to come.

And when on that last day we rise,
Caught up between the earth and skies,
Then shall we hear our Lord
Say, Thou hast done with doubt and death,
Henceforth, according to thy faith,
Shall be thy faith's reward.

—P. CARY

189

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

“WELL, GOOD-BYE!”

They part upon the crowded street,
And part and part; with tireless feet
They stand and stand, their agile tongues
Propelled by potent, active lungs.
They kiss, they part; they backward hie
To kiss and part and say, “Good-bye!”

“Well, good-bye!” “Good-bye!” “Good-
bye!” “Well, good-bye!”

The engine puffs, the whistle blows,
And to and fro the truckman goes,
At “All aboard!” the trav’lers rush,
Except the two that ever gush
And kiss and part and kiss and cry
Above all other roars, “Good-bye!”

“Well, good-bye.” “Good-bye!” “Good-
bye!” “Well, good-bye!”

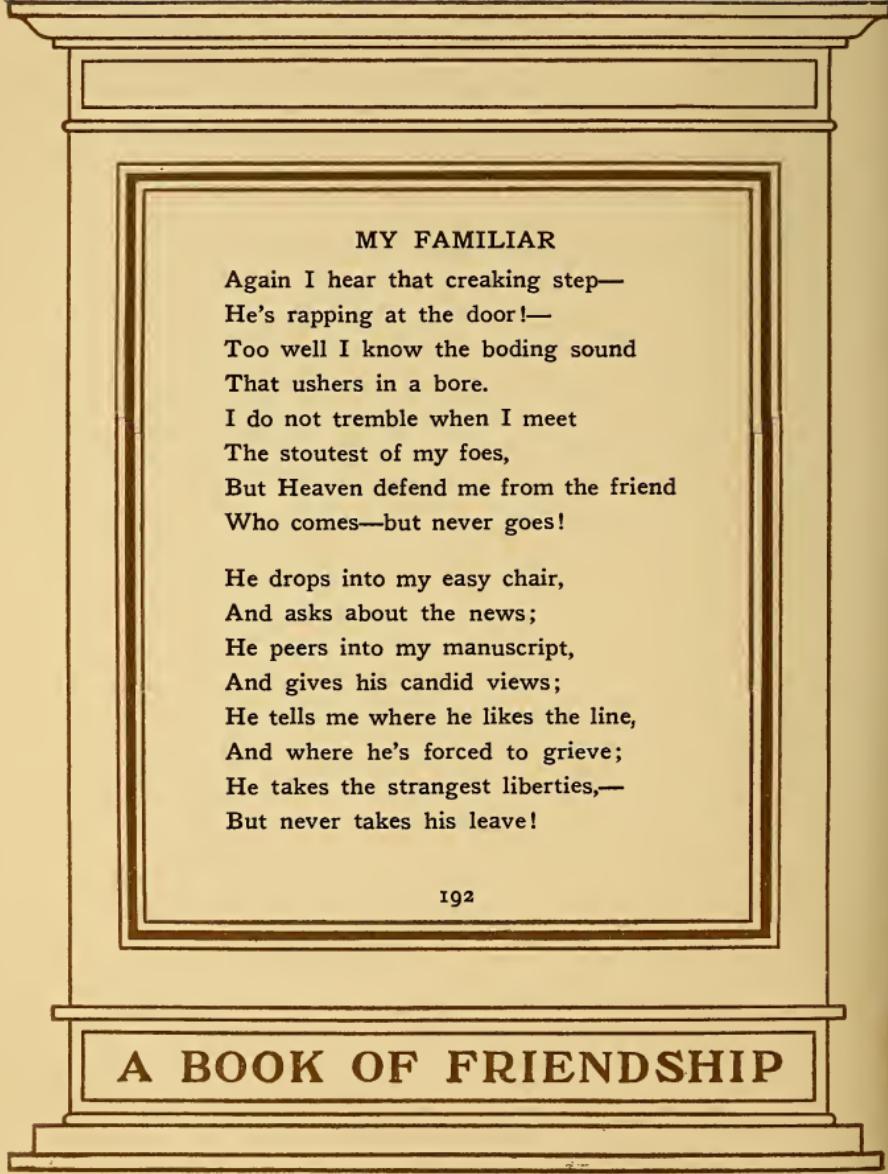
With cultured pitch or common bawl,
At church or market, hut or hall,
At feast or funeral, still are heard
The pair who speak one more last word
And start and wait and amplify
Their parting with a "Well, good-bye!"
"Well, good-bye." "Good-bye!" "Good-
bye!" "Well, good-bye!"

And oh! when night comes dropping down
With gentle touch to hush the town,
There's yet no respite; for below
Perchance 'tis Bridget and her beau,
Or dainty Kate and hers, who sigh
To part and wait and say, "Good-bye!"
"Well, good-bye." "Good-bye!" "Good-
bye!" "Well, good-bye!"

—MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD PALMER

191

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP



MY FAMILIAR

Again I hear that creaking step—
He's rapping at the door!—
Too well I know the boding sound
That ushers in a bore.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who comes—but never goes!

He drops into my easy chair,
And asks about the news;
He peers into my manuscript,
And gives his candid views;
He tells me where he likes the line,
And where he's forced to grieve;
He takes the strangest liberties,—
But never takes his leave!

He reads my daily paper through
Before I've seen a word;
He scans the lyric (that I wrote)
And thinks it quite absurd;
He calmly smokes my last cigar,
And coolly asks for more;
He opens everything he sees—
Except the entry door!

He talks about his fragile health,
And tells me of his pains;
He suffers from a score of ills
Of which he ne'er complains;
And how he struggled once with death
To keep the fiend at bay;
On themes like those away he goes—
But never goes away!

He tells me of the carping words
Some shallow critic wrote;

And every precious paragraph
Familiarly can quote;
He thinks the writer did me wrong;
He'd like to run him through!
He says a thousand pleasant things—
But never says, "Adieu!"

Whene'er he comes—that dreadful man—
Disguise it as I may,
I know that, like an Autumn rain,
He'll last throughout the day.
In vain I speak of urgent tasks;
In vain I scowl and pout;
A frown is no extinguisher,—
It does not put him out!

I mean to take the knocker off,
Put crape upon the door,
Or hint to John that I am gone
To stay a month or more.

194

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who never, never goes!

—JOHN GODFREY SAXE

It is essential to true friendship that it be reciprocal. A one-sided attachment can never be called friendship. In the judgment of mankind there is no crime so base as ingratitude towards a friend.

—JAMES, CARDINAL GIBBONS

Take heed of thy friends. A faithful friend is a strong defense; and he that hath found such a one hath found a treasure. Nothing doth countervail a faithful friend, and his excellency is invaluable.

—PROVERBS

REGRET

If I had known, O loyal heart,
When hand to hand we said farewell,
How for all time our paths would part,
What shadow o'er our friendship fell,
I should have clasped your hand so close
In the warm pressure of my own,
That memory still might keep its grasp,
If I had known.

If I had known, when far and wide
We loitered through the summer land,
What presence wandered by our side,
And o'er you stretched its awful hand,
I should have hushed my careless speech,
To listen well to every tone
That from your lips fell low and sweet,
If I had known.

If I had known, when your kind eyes
Met mine in parting, true and sad,—
Eyes gravely tender, gently wise,
And earnest rather more than glad,—
How soon the lids would lie above,
As cold and white as sculptured stone,
I should have treasured every glance,
If I had known.

If I had known how, from the strife,
Of fears, hopes, passions here below,
Unto a purer, higher life
That you were called, O friend, to go
I should have stayed all foolish tears,
And hushed each idle sigh and moan,
To bid you a last, long God-speed,
If I had known.

If I had known to what strange place,
What mystic, distant, silent shore,

You calmly turned your steadfast face,
What time your footsteps left my door,
I should have forged a golden link,
To bind the heart, so constant grown,
And keep it constant even there,
If I had known.

If I had known that, until death
Shall with his finger touch my brow,
And still the quickening of the breath
That stirs with life's full meaning now,—
So long my feet must tread the way
Of our accustomed paths alone,
I should have prized your presence more,
If I had known.

If I had known how soon for you
Drew near the ending of the fight,
And on your vision, fair and new,
Eternal peace dawned into sight,

I should have begged, as love's last gift,
That you before God's great, white throne,
Would pray for your poor friend on earth,
If I had known.

—CHRISTIAN REID
(Frances F. Tiernan)

Let flattery, however, the handmaid of vices,
be far removed from friendship, since it is not
only unworthy of a friend, but of a free man.

—CICERO

Friendship is but a name. As to myself, I
know well that I have not one true friend. As
long as I continue what I am, I may have as
many pretended friends as I please.

—NAPOLEON I

A LOST FRIEND

My friend he was; my friend from all the rest;
With childlike faith he oped to me his breast;
No door was locked on altar, grave or grief;
No weakness veiled, concealed no disbelief;
The hope, the sorrow and the wrong were bare,
And ah, the shadow only showed the fair.

I gave him love for love; but, deep within,
I magnified each frailty into sin;
Each hill-topped foible in the sunset glowed,
Obscuring vales where rivered virtues flowed.
Reproof became reproach, till common grew
The captious word at every fault I knew.
He smiled upon the censorship, and bore
With patient love the touch that wounded sore;
Until at length, so had my blindness grown,
He knew I judged him by his faults alone.

Alone, of all men, I who knew him best,
Refused the gold, to take the dross for test!
Cold strangers honored for the worth they saw;
His friend forgot the diamond in the flaw.
At last it came—the day he stood apart,
When from my eyes he proudly veiled his heart;
When carping judgment and uncertain word
A stern resentment in his bosom stirred;
When in his face I read what I had been,
And with his vision saw what he had seen.

Too late! too late! Oh, could he then have
known,
When his love died, that mine had perfect grown;
That when the veil was drawn, abased, chastised,
The censor stood, and lost one truly prized.

Too late we learn—a man must hold his friend
Unjudged, accepted, trusted to the end.

—JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

201

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

WAITING

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind nor tide nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up the fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul with pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time nor space, nor deep nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

—JOHN BURROUGHS

The needle's eye is wide enough for two friends; the whole world is too narrow for two foes.

—ROEBUCK

Because friendship always includes a reverent admiration of a friend's ideal,—the ideal seen in the friend, seen by the friend, or seen for the friend,—therefore it follows that every added indication of that ideal's realizing is added cause for rejoicing on the part of him who loves his friend as the embodiment of that ideal.

—H. CLAY TRUMBULL

FROM "IN MEMORIAM"

The path by which we twain did go,
Which led by tracts that pleased us well,
Through four sweet years arose and fell,
From flower to flower, from snow to snow.

But where the path we walked began
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,
As we descended, following Hope,
There sat the Shadow feared of man.

Who broke our fair companionship,
And spread his mantle dark and cold,
And wrapped thee formless in the fold,
And dulled the murmur on thy lip.

When each by turns was guide to each,
And Fancy light from Fancy caught,
And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech.

And all we met was fair and good,
And all was good that Time could bring,
And all the secret of the Spring
Moved in the chambers of the blood.

• • • •
I know that this was Life,—the track
Whereon with equal feet we fared;
And then, as now, the day prepared
The daily burden for the back.

But this it was that made me move
As light as carrier-birds in air;
I loved the weight I had to bear
Because it needed help of Love;

Nor could I weary, heart or limb,
When mighty Love would cleave in twain
The lading of a single pain,
And part it, giving half to him.

But I remained, whose hopes were dim,
Whose life, whose thoughts were little worth,
To wander on a darkened earth,
Where all things round me breathed of him.

O friendship, equal-poised control,
O heart, with kindliest motion warm,
O sacred essence, other form,
O solemn ghost, O crownéd soul!

Yet none could better know than I,
How much of act at human hands
The sense of human will demands,
By which we dare to live or die.

Whatever way my days decline,
I felt and feel, though left alone,
His being working in my own,
The footsteps of his life in mine.

My pulses therefore beat again
For other friends that once I met;
Nor can it suit me to forget
The mighty hopes that make us men.

I woo your love: I count it crime
To mourn for any overmuch;
I, the divided half of such
A friendship as had mastered Time;

Which masters Time, indeed, and is
Eternal, separate from fears:
The all-assuming months and years
Can take no part away from this.

O days and hours, your work is this,
To hold me from my proper place,
A little while from his embrace,
For fuller gain of after bliss;

That out of distance might ensue
Desire of nearness doubly sweet;
And unto meeting when we meet,
Delight a hundred-fold accrue.

• • • • •
The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

But in my spirit will I dwell,
And dream my dream, and hold it true;
For tho' my lips may breathe adieu,
I cannot think the thing farewell.

—ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

He must increase, but I must decrease.

—THE BIBLE

FAREWELL

Farewell! It is no sorrowful word.

It has never had a pang for me.

Sweet as the last song of a bird,

Soft as a wind-swell from the sea,

The word farewell.

I part with you as oft before

I've parted with dear friends and sweet,

And now I shake (forevermore)

Your memory's gold-dust from my feet.

Farewell! farewell!

Soon I shall find a new sweet face,

And other eyes as pure and strong

As yours are now, and then a space

Of life that ripples into song,

And then farewell!

Farewell! farewell! Throw me a kiss!
How fast the distance grows between!
Now memory fades—a film of bliss,
A far-off mist of silvery sheen:
Good-by! farewell!

—MAURICE THOMPSON

It was because John the Baptist was the friend of Jesus that John, at the very summit of his personal renown and of his commanding popular influence, could say, without a twinge of envious feeling, concerning him of whom he was the friend: "In the midst of you standeth one whom ye know not, even he that cometh after me, the latchet of whose shoe I am not worthy to unloose."

—H. CLAY TRUMBULL

210

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

SIT CLOSER, FRIENDS

Sit closer, friends, around the board!
Death grants us yet a little time.
Now let the cheering cup be poured,
And welcome song and jest and rhyme,
Enjoy the gifts that fortune sends,
Sit closer, friends!

And yet, we pause. With trembling lip
We strive the fitting phrase to make;
Remembering our fellowship,
Lamenting Destiny's mistake,
We marvel much when Fate offends
And claims our friends.

Companion of our nights of mirth,
When all were merry who were wise,
Does Death quite understand your worth,
And know the value of his prize?

I doubt me if he comprehends—
He knows no friends.

And in that realm is there no joy
Of comrades and the jocund sense?
Can Death so utterly destroy—
For gladness grant no recompense?
And can it be that laughter ends,
With absent friends?

O scholars! whom we wisest call,
Who solve great questions at your ease,
We ask the simplest of them all,
And yet you cannot answer these!
And is it thus your knowledge ends,
To comfort friends?

Dear Omar, should You chance to meet
Our Brother Somewhere in the Gloom,

Pray give to Him a Message Sweet,
From Brothers in the Tavern Room.
He will not ask Who 'tis that sends,
For We were Friends.

Again a parting sail we see;
Another boat has left the shore,
A kinder soul on board has she
Than ever left the land before.
And as her outward course she bends,
Sit closer, friends!

—ARTHUR MACY

The foundation of mutual agreeableness is often laid in a moment, but that of mutual confidence is a work of time.

—KATHERINE E. CONWAY

GOOD-BYE, GOD BLESS YOU

I like the Anglo-Saxon speech
With its direct revealings;
It takes a hold and seems to reach
Far down into your feelings;
That some folk deem it rude, I know,
And therefore they abuse it;
But I have never found it so,
Before all else I choose it.
I don't object that men should air
The Gallic they have paid for.
With "Au revoir," "Adieu, ma chere,"
For that's what French was made for,
But when a crony takes your hand
At parting to address you,
He drops all foreign lingo, and
He says, "Good-bye, God bless you!"

This seems to be a sacred phrase
With reverence impassioned;
A thing come down from righteous days,
Quaintly but nobly fashioned,
It well becomes an honest face,
A voice that's round and cheerful;
It stays the sturdy in his place,
And soothes the weak and fearful;
Into the porches of the ears
It steals with subtle unction,
And in your heart of heart appears
To work its gracious function;
And all day long with pleasing song
It lingers to caress you.
I'm sure no human heart goes wrong
That's told, "Good-bye, God bless you."

—EUGENE FIELD

FRIENDSHIP—A TOAST

The feast is spread, the wine flows free!
And laugh and jest do both keep pace.
We look beneath each other's face,
Soul calls to soul in jollity
A band of four in fealty.

For words in this fleeting show to trace
Something deeper, nobler; space
To fling our nets in the unknown sea.
A toast, dear friends. Rise one and all.

“May ever our hearts and souls be bound
Together in love. At the clarion call
Of Friendship, be they forever found
Ready and eager to rise or fall.
But faithful still unto that sound
Which death may not silence, nor fear enthral.”

—SUSANNA MASSEY

BENEDICITE

God's love and peace be with thee, where
Soe'er this soft autumnal air
Lifts the dark tresses of thy hair!

Whether through city casements comes
Its kiss to thee, in crowded rooms,
Or, out among the woodland blooms,

It freshens o'er thy thoughtful face,
Imparting in its glad embrace,
Beauty to beauty, grace to grace!

Fair Nature's book together read,
The old wood-paths that knew our tread,
The maple shadows overhead,—

The hills we climbed, the rivers seen
By gleams along its deep ravine,—
All keep thy memory fresh and green.

Where'er I look, where'er I stray,
Thy thought goes with me on my way,
And hence the prayer I breathe to-day:

O'er lapse of time and change of scene,
The weary waste which lies between
Thyself and me, my heart I lean.

Thou lack'st not Friendship's spellword, nor
The half-unconscious power to draw
All hearts to thine by Love's sweet law.

With these good gifts of God is cast
Thy lot, and many a charm thou hast
To hold the blessed angels fast.

If, then, a fervent wish for thee
The gracious heavens will heed from me,
What should, dear heart, its burdens be?

The sighing of a shaken reed,—
What can I more than meekly plead
The greatness of our common need?

God's love,—unchanging, pure and true,—
The Paraclete white-shining through
His peace,—the fall of Hermon's dew!

With such a prayer on this sweet day,
As thou mayst hear and I may say,
I greet thee, dearest, far away!

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

All farewells should be sudden, when forever,
Else they make an eternity of moments,
And clog the last sad sands of life with tears.

—BYRON

And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part.

—SHAKESPEARE

219

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

INDEX TO POETICAL SELECTIONS

	Page
Absent Friends	156
A Friend in Need	160
A Friend No More	64
A Friendship	118
A Legacy	86
A Life's Love	49
A Lost Friend	200
A Seat for Three	144
As for Me, I Have a Friend	13
A Sonnet	165
A Temple to Friendship	152
A True, True Friend	128
Auld Lang Syne	92
Ballade of Old Days	95
Ben Bolt	67
Benedicite	217
Bereavement	63
Bill and Joe	69
Bores	143
Commend Me to that Generous Heart	61
Counsel	185
Dolce Far Niente	59
Dreams and Realities	187

220

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

	Page
Early Friendship	36
Epitaph on a Friend	122
Faithful Unto Death	124
Farewell	209
Feast of All Souls	29
Friend	151
Friend and Lover	58
Friends (G. W. Carryl)	135
Friends (T. P. Garrison)	159
Friends (G. Hall)	149
Friends (W. E. Hendley)	44
Friends (H. H. Jackson)	18
Friends (Lionel Johnson)	41
Friends (W. S. Landor)	32
Friends (C. D. Stewart)	130
Friends and Foes	161
Friendship (H. G. Cone)	117
Friendship (E. Gosse)	119
Friendship (Naden)	23
Friendship (K. Philips)	19
Friendship (C. E. Prentiss)	112
Friendship (Van Dyke)	9
Friendship (G. S. Viereck)	167
Friendship—A Toast	216
Friendship is Love's Full Beauty Unalleyed	166
From "In Memoriam"	204

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

	Page
Give Freely to the Friend Thou Hast	52
Give Me the Old	109
Goodby	183
Good-bye, God Bless You	214
Hal and His Friends	105
Hearts	137
If I Should Die	142
If I Should Die To-night	168
I Had a Friend	74
Indebtedness to Friendship	115
Jaffar	139
Jim	170
Joseph Rodman Drake	21
Largess	51
Like the New Friends Best	55
My Dead Friend	88
My Familiar	192
My New Friend	121
Ode to Friendship	174
Old Comrades	76
Old Friends	131
One in a Thousand	53
Our Friends	146
Qua Cursum Ventus	27
Regret	196
Sit Closer, Friends	211

	Page
Song	138
Sonnet	75
Sparkling and Bright	79
Sung to a Friend	34
The Ballad of Bouillabaisse.....	98
The Face of a Friend	162
The Fire of Drift-wood	83
The Girdle of Friendship.....	16
The Good Great Man	37
The Joy of Friends	178
The Meeting of Foes and the Meeting of Friends..	147
The Memory of the Heart	62
The Name of Friend.....	33
The Old Familiar Faces	107
The Royal Guest	39
The Three Sorts of Friends	127
The Times that Are	164
The Tippling Friend	146
The Two Friends	154
The Vale of Avoca	103
The Wish	12
The Years Are Angels	11
To a Friend	163
To an Old Friend	73
To Find a Friend	177
Waiting	202

	Page
We Have Been Friends Together	81
Well, Good-bye	190
What Are Another's Faults to Me?	145
Widow Bedott to Elder Sniffies	30
Words for Parting	181

INDEX OF AUTHORS

	Page
Addison, Joseph—Friend	151
—Quotation	162
Alcott, A. Bronson—Quotation	31
Allen, Elizabeth Akers—Faithful Unto Death	124
Ames, Mary Clemmer—Words for Parting	181
Anonymous—A Life's Love	49
—Bores	143
—Commend Me to That Generous Heart	61
—Dolce Far Niente	59
—Our Friends	146
Barbauld, Mrs.—Quotation	22
Bartlett, J.—Quotation	178
Beecher, Henry Ward—Quotation	162
Bible—Quotation	48
—Quotation	208
Birrell, Augustine—Quotation	63
Blair, Robert—Indebtedness to Friendship	115
Black, Hugh—Quotation	15
Blessington, Lady—Quotation	158
Botta, Anne C. L.—Largess	51
Brooks, Phillips—Quotation	78
Bronte, Charlotte—Quotation	46
Budgell—Quotation	60

	Page
Bulwer-Lytton, Edward—Quotation	10
—Quotation	184
Burnett, James G.—Bereavement	63
Burns, Robert—Auld Lang Syne	92
Burroughs, John—Waiting	202
Byron, Lord—Epitaph on a Friend	122
—Quotation	219
Carey, Phoebe—Dreams and Realities	187
Carlyle, Thomas—Quotation	54
Carryl, Guy Wetmore—Friends	135
Caudle, Mrs.—The Tippling Friend	146
Channing, Grace Ellery—I Had a Friend	74
Chesterfield, Lord—Quotation	117
Cicero—Quotation	199
Clough, Arthur Hugh—Qua Cursum Ventus	27
Coates, Florence Earle—Song	138
Coleridge, Samuel Taylor—The Good Great Man	37
—The Three Sorts of Friends	127
Cone, Helen Gray—Friendship	117
Confucius—Quotation	50
Conway, Katherine E.—Quotation	80
—Quotation	138
—Quotation	141
—Quotation	156
—Quotation	213
226	

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

	Page
Cooper, J. Fenimore—Quotation	63
Crane, Walter—A Seat for Three	144
Crosby, Ernest—Hearts	137
Davis, Mollie E. M.—Counsel	185
De La Bruyere, Jean—Quotation	15
De La Rochefoucauld, Francois—Quotation	29
De Vere, Aubrey—Early Friendship	36
De Vere, Mary Aigne—Friend and Lover	58
Dickinson, Emily—Quotation	17
Disraeli, Benjamin—Quotation	80
Duer, Alice—A Sonnet	165
Egyptian Proverb	97
Eliot, George—Quotation	143
Emerson, Ralph Waldo—Quotation	165
English, Thomas Dunn—Ben Bolt	67
Evelyn, John—Quotation	64
Farrar, F. W.—Quotation	104
Field, Eugene—Good-bye, God Bless You	214
Fielding, Henry—Quotation	82
Fuller, Thomas—Quotation	114
Gannett, William C.—Quotation	38
Garrison, Theodosia Pickering—Friends	159
Gibbons, Cardinal—Quotation	195
Gilder, Richard Watson—The Years Are Angels ..	11
Goldsmith, Oliver—Quotation	35
Gosse, Edmund—Friendship	119

	Page
Gowdy, John—To a Friend	163
Hake, Thomas Gordon—Friendship is Love's Full Beauty Unalloyed	166
Hale, Edward Everett—Quotation	51
Hall, Gertrude—Friends	149
Halleck, Fitz-Greene—Joseph Rodman Drake	21
Hazlitt, William—Quotation	32
Henley, William Ernest—Friends	44
Hoffman, Charles Fenno—Sparkling and Bright..	79
Holmes, Oliver Wendell—Bill and Joe.....	69
—The Girdle of Friendship	16
Howe, Julia Ward—The Royal Guest	39
Howells, William Dean—Friends and Foes	161
Hubbard, Elbert—Quotation	18
—Quotation	61
Hugo, Victor—Quotation	134
Hunt, Leigh—Jaffar	139
Irving, Washington—Quotation	58
Jackson, Helen Hunt—Friends	18
—My New Friend	121
Jefferson, Joseph—Quotation	66
Jerrold, Douglas—Quotation	163
Jewett, Sophie—A Friendship	118
Johnson, Lionel—Friends	41
Johnson, Samuel—Quotation	72
Jonson, Ben—Quotation	11

A BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

	Page
Kimball, Harriet McEwen—Goodby	183
King, Ben F.—If I Should Die	142
—Like the New Friends Best.....	55
Lamb, Charles—The Old Familiar Faces.....	107
Landor, Walter Savage—Friends.....	32
—Quotation	94
Lavater—Quotation	8
Leland, Charles Godfrey—The Two Friends	154
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth—The Fire of Drift- wood	83
Lover, Samuel—The Meeting of Foes and the Meet- ing of Friends	147
Mackay, Charles—Hal and His Friends	105
Macy, Arthur—Sit Closer, Friends	211
Martin, Arthur Patchett—Old Comrades	76
Massey, Gerald—Old Friends	131
Massey, Susanna—Friendship, A Toast	216
McGaffey, Ernest—As for Me, I Have a Friend ..	13
Messinger, Robert Hinckley—Give Me the Old ..	109
Miffin, Lloyd—A Friend No More.....	64
Mitford, Mary Russell—Quotation	10
Montaigne—Quotation	164
Moore, Thomas—A Temple to Friendship	152
—The Vale of Avoca	103
Naden, Constance C. W.—Friendship	23
Napoleon—Quotation	199

	Page
Norton, Caroline Elizabeth Sarah— <i>We Have Been Friends Together</i>	81
O'Connor, Joseph— <i>A True, True Friend</i>	128
Ogden, Ruth—Quotation	161
O'Reilly, John Boyle— <i>A Lost Friend</i>	200
Ouida—Quotation	28
Palmer, Mrs. George Archibald—“Well, Good-bye!”	190
Phelps, Elizabeth Stuart— <i>Sung to a Friend</i>	34
Phillips, Katherine—Friendship	19
Plutarch—Quotation	184
Pollock, Robert— <i>The Face of a Friend</i>	162
Pope, Alexander—Quotation	61
Prentiss, Caroline Edwards—Friendship	112
Proverbs—Quotation	137
—Quotation	195
Putnam, Frank— <i>To Find a Friend</i>	177
Quince, P.— <i>Ode to Friendship</i>	174
Raleigh, Walter—Quotation	11
Reid, Christian—Regret	196
Riley, James Whitcomb— <i>Jim</i>	170
— <i>Reach Your Hand to Me</i>	5
Roebuck—Quotation	203
Rogers, Robert Cameron— <i>To an Old Friend</i>	73
Rogers, Samuel— <i>Feast of All Souls</i>	29
Romaine, Harry— <i>One in a Thousand</i>	53
Roscommon—Quotation	4

	Page
Ruskin, John—Quotation	46
Saxe, John Godfrey— <i>My Familiar</i>	192
Scandinavian Edda—Quotation	180
Schopenhauer—Quotation	26
Scollard, Clinton—Quotation	143
Seneca—Quotation	78
—Quotation	132
—Quotation	163
Shakespeare, William— <i>Sonnet</i>	75
—Quotation	219
Sherman, Frank Dempster— <i>The Joy of Friends</i> ..	178
Shirley, James— <i>The Name of Friend</i>	33
Sidney, Philip—Quotation	108
Smith, Arabella E.— <i>If I Should Die To-night</i>	168
Smith, Robert—Quotation	186
Stanton, Frank L.— <i>My Dead Friend</i>	88
Stevenson, Robert Louis—Quotation	116
Stewart, Charles D.— <i>Friends</i>	130
Stinson, S. Scott— <i>Ballade of Old Days</i>	95
Story, W. W.—Quotation	151
Swift, Jonathan— <i>What Are Another's Faults to Me</i> ..	145
Symonds, John Addington— <i>Give Freely to the</i> <i>Friend Thou Hast</i>	52
Taylor, Jeremy—Quotation	40
Tennyson, Alfred— <i>From "In Memoriam"</i>	204
Thackeray, William Makepeace—Quotation	87
— <i>The Ballad of</i> <i>Bouillabaisse</i>	98

	Page
Thomas, Margaret—Absent Friends	156
Thompson, Maurice—Farewell	209
Thoreau, David Henry—Quotation	46
Trumbull, H. Clay—Quotation	112
—Quotation	129
—Quotation	153
—Quotation	155
—Quotation	203
—Quotation	210
Twain, Mark—Quotation	146
Van Dyke, Henry—A Friend In Need	160
—Friendship	9
—Quotation	141
Viereck, George Sylvester—Friendship	167
Warwick—Quotation	91
Washington, George—Quotation	177
Webster, Daniel—The Memory of the Heart	62
Wells, Amos R.—Quotation	160
Whitcher, Frances Miriam—Widow Bedott to Elder Sniffies	30
Whiting, Charles Goodrich—Quotation	57
Whitman, Walt—Quotation	120
Whittier, John Greenleaf—A Legacy	86
—Benedicite	217
Winter, William—The Wish	12
Wordsworth, William—The Times That Are	164

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